THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH — THE EDITOR

TRADE UNIONS AND THE LABOUR PARTY — C. J. GEDDES

ITALY'S TWO NATIONS — RICHARD BAILEY

SOAPBOX AND SCAFFOLD — DAVID TYLDEN-WRIGHT

INTELLECTUAL ODYSSEY — ALAN BULLOCK

WELSHMAN AND SUPERMAN — KENNETH ROSE

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY DENYS SMITH, R. WESTCOTT JONES, ERIC GILLETT, RUBY MILLAR, GEOFFREY DEARMER, AND ALEC ROBERTSON

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

ON November 30 Sir Winston Churchill, and his admirers throughout the world, will celebrate his eightieth birthday. In Westminster Hall the Prime Minister will be honoured at a ceremony in which party differences will be momentarily forgotten. We write in advance of this memorable occasion, but it must naturally rank as one of November's outstanding episodes.

This Review has often had cause to criticize Sir Winston during his long and versatile career. He is not without faults and it is not the function of a free Press to indulge in undiscriminating, sycophantic adulation. Some of those editors and proprietors, who now crouch at his feet in reverential attitudes, were among the foremost advocates of appeasement at a time when Sir Winston (and this Review) were preaching rearmament and the German danger.

It is to be hoped that the Prime Minister will not be found guilty, when history's last word is written, of having shown " indemnity to his enemies, oblivion for his friends." At Guildhall on November 9, in the presence of a large gathering (including the French Ambassador, who was sitting two places away from him), he paid a fulsome compliment to Dr. Adenauer for his part in recent negotiations, without making any individual reference to M. Mendès-France. It is hard to justify such tactlessness, especially as it was accompanied by a further suggestion that an age-long rivalry between France and Germany had been the underlying cause of recent European wars.

A Giant—but Fallible

WE have been at pains to show that this conception, which Sir Winston's authority has already turned into a political *cliché*, is entirely without historical foundation. Since Germany became a nation—an event which did not occur in the dim ages, but at about the same time as Sir Winston's birth—France has thrice been the victim of calculated aggression on the part of Germany. Due awareness of this fact need not preclude magnanimity and a constructive approach to the German problem, but it should preclude the repeated use of language which is an insult to our French ally and to the truth.

Admittedly there was a time when France was a grave menace to the independence and security of her neighbours. Under the first Napoleon (for whom, by the way, Sir Winston has an excessive admiration) the French danger reached its height. But in those days there was no Germany, only a motley collection of Germanic States, so there could be no question of " Franco-German rivalry." In fact, until the battle of Waterloo, the most clearly discernible national rivalry in Europe was that between France and England!

Why this long digression? Our purpose is to wish many happy returns to Sir Winston and to join in the chorus of goodwill which greets the completion of his eightieth year. But, while we are abundantly conscious of his greatness, and of his immense, unwearying services, we refuse to impute infallibility to one who gives such constant proof that he is fallible. Indeed, if he were less fallible we should love him less, because he would not be human.

Long may he live and long may he exercise, even though in retirement, a deep and beneficent influence on the destinies of mankind.

European Agreements Debated and Approved

ON November 18, after a two-day debate, the House of Commons approved the London and Paris agreements by 264 votes to four, the Labour Party avoiding an open split by the ignominious method of abstention. (Tories cannot, however, be too smug about this, because they acted in exactly the same way in the debate on the Washington Loan Agreement.)

Mr. Bevan, obviously realizing that atomic power is crucial, and that West Germany's renunciation of it for military purposes has seriously weakened his case, tried to suggest that the Federal Republic might be supplied with atomic weapons unilaterally by the United States. This Sir Anthony Eden was able to deny in categoric terms. But the main Bevanite argument, which Mr. Attlee at the end of his speech seemed almost to be supporting, was that before ratifying the London and Paris agreements we should enter into new discussions with Russia about Germany. Mr. Attlee guarded himself by saying that we should do so only on the understanding that ratification was " going ahead," whereas Mr. Bevan would like to sabotage the agreements altogether. But the two schools of thought seemed to converge in favour of immediate talks, and to both the Foreign Secretary gave the uncompromising answer that such a course, in advance of ratification, would be " the greatest possible mistake."

Fear of Germany: A Rational View

WESTERN GERMANY'S self-denial in the matter of atomic weapons would be of little value if it were not enforceable. Europe has had too much experience of what can happen to " scraps of paper," if they are not backed up by physical sanctions.

Under the new arrangements Germany will, however, be effectively controlled, because her war machine will be subject to S.H.A.P.E. and because substantial British (and also, we may presume, American) forces will remain on the Continent of Europe. It is therefore difficult to see how irresponsible elements in the Federal Republic, even if they were to gain political power, would be able to use that power for the purpose of military adventure. It should be possible for the other members of N.A.T.O., and for the Allied command in Europe, to forestall any attempt either to manufacture atomic bombs in Western Germany, or to regain the Eastern provinces by force of arms.

If Mr. Bevan's policy were followed, and Western Germany were left a vacuum while endless efforts were made to reach an understanding with Russia, the worst of all dangers would be likely to materialize. The Western Germans would drift, willy-nilly, into an accommodation with Russia, and we should then have to face a double threat. In present circumstances it is sheer folly to suppose that a neutral Germany can be created.

Drastic Measures in Pakistan

PAKISTAN has been less fortunate than India in the completion of a Constitution and the working of Parliamentary democracy, as it is known in other parts of the Commonwealth. The Governor-General's proclamation of a State of Emergency and dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, which also serves as the interim legislature of Pakistan, is, according to the Prime Minister, Mr. Mohammed Ali, to be followed by elections " at the earliest possible date." Meanwhile the imposition of a régime having military backing recalls some of the upheavals in other Muslim States, where Parliamentary institutions have not taken deep root. It is also a temporary reversion to government by " the Governor-General in Council," as known in British days. The effective administrative power is now largely in the hands of men imbued with the ways of Sandhurst and of the older English Universities.

Not a Military *Coup*

THE new Council of Ministers is not a military junta. Major-General Iskander Mirza was the first British Indian Gentleman Cadet to enter the army from the Royal Military College. After the customary attachment to a British regiment he served in the Poona Horse, but in 1926 transferred to the Political Service, which was composed both of soldiers and civilians. Since Partition he has been Defence Secretary and became Governor of East Bengal to deal with the troubles which arose there early this year. His translation to the Central Government has left a British officer once more as representative of the Crown in Eastern Pakistan—another point for the historically minded. Major-General Mirza, whose career in the Political took him to the Khyber and Peshawar,

has become Minister of the Interior and of States and Frontier Regions. The only serving soldier in the Cabinet is the Commander-in-Chief, General Ayub Khan, whose acceptance of the Defence portfolio symbolizes the Army's support of the new provisional order and reminds us of days when " His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief " was a Member of Council, second in status only to the Viceroy. It has been suggested that General Ayub Khan's intention of spending most of his time at Army Headquarters in Rawalpindi shows a soldierly reluctance, characteristic of Commonwealth countries, to play at politics; but since the bloody days of Partition and the ensuing influx of refugees, the Armed Forces of Pakistan have been the buttress of ordered administration in times of stress.

The new Government is one of technicians, not of generals. Pakistan's exchange position has deteriorated. The new President of the Pakistan Federation of Chambers of Commerce, Mr. Rangoonwalla, has spoken of the mishandling of raw material imports. Investors have been fighting shy. The financial experience of the Finance Minister, Chaudhri Mohammed Ali, and of the Premier himself, will now be reinforced by the business experience of Mr. M. A. H. Ispahani, who was well known in London as a charming and efficient High Commissioner, and has now become Minister of Industries and Commerce.

The Premier's Position

MR. MOHAMMED ALI remains Prime Minister at present, but he lacks a real following. He owes his rise to personal qualities, a eupeptic energy, and his success at Washington, where he was Ambassador before becoming Prime Minister. He was cavalierly treated—he himself spoke of King Farouk and the British tanks—when he returned from his latest American tour to find that the cauldron had boiled over. But it has been cynically said that $105 million of aid are a hundred and five reasons why Mr. Mohammed Ali should continue in office. His Administration has successfully linked Pakistan with the West through the pacts with Turkey and the United States, and through the Manila Treaty. The prospect of American arms and air bases is acceptable to many Pakistanis, not so much because of fear of Russia as because of mistrust of India, but even the possibility of the Awami League's President, Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy, joining the Government does not mean that Pakistan will change a foreign policy largely determined by the Kashmir deadlock and the need for capital investment.

It might be said that Mr. Mohammed Ali has earned most honour outside his own country. To the staid and conventional of an Islamic country he appears brash. His neckties are vivid; he talks of a decimal currency; the new right-hand rule of the road is not only more beneficial to General Motors than to Sir William Rootes, it is also a breach of continuity in a land where I.C.S. men and landowners are still very influential. Mr. Mohammed Ali did good service in finding a formula for the representation of Eastern and Western Pakistan under the proposed Constitution, but the

very business of Constitution-making had led, in his own words, to "personal, sectional and provincial rivalries and suspicions."

Need for Honesty and Stability

THE Prime Minister himself was involved before his departure for England and America in the undignified curtailment, at the instance of Muslim Leaguers from Bengal, of the Governor-General's powers in relation to his Ministers, and in the repeal of "Proda," the Public and Representative Offices (Disqualification) Act, as a means of consolidating Parliamentary support. Legislators have been brought into disrepute and Pakistanis are questioning whether popular government, as practised recently, is a substitute for good government. The need is for a stable economy and honest administration. Food and cloth mean more to the multitude than the rivalries of political and provincial groups. The freedom desired by many is freedom from the exactions and corruption of dishonest officials. It may be assumed that the *coup* in Karachi has the acquiescence of the masses, and the imaginative appointment of Dr. Khan Sahis should rally considerable support for the new Ministry from among the Pathans of the North-West Frontier.

General Mirza has said that the people wanted an honest government, law and order, and prompt, fair justice, and that they would now get them. Such are the necessary foundations of a democratic Constitution.

The afflictions which have beset Pakistan in the first years of her independence might have broken a less courageous and a less resilient nation. It has been said that her troubles have not always evoked the practical sympathy of other members of the Commonwealth. Any help which Britain can give her partners now should assuredly be given. The removal of present discontents and of friction between East Bengal and the Western provinces are heavy tasks for the statesmen who have assumed responsibility in Pakistan, and upon them depends much that is vital to the Commonwealth and to non-Communist Asia.

Neguib Falls Again

ONCE again the military junta which is ruling Egypt has taken the bold step of removing President Neguib, the pipe-smoking popular hero who was so effective in putting the Revolution, and himself, across to the masses. This time it seems that the *coup* may have been successful, but the Prime Minister, Nasser, must be regarded as one of the most vulnerable men in the world. His regime, and indeed his life, are extremely insecure, but if he can manage to survive, he may turn out to be the "Kemal Ataturk" for whom Egypt has been waiting.

Neguib's fall is perhaps the decisive blow to Egypt's hopes, already slender, of winning the Sudan as a satellite. His links with that country gave him a prestige there which no other Egyptian leader can hope to

attain. It is now more than ever likely that the Sudan, in spite of lavish Egyptian "influence", will become in practice completely independent of its northern neighbour.

Confused Outlook in Uganda

THE problems of Uganda are too complicated to be expressed simply in terms of a personal struggle between two men, yet there is significance in the duel between Sir Andrew Cohen and the Kabaka Mutesa who, on the former's advice, was deposed and exiled. This duel was itself the product of a constitutional crisis, and it has provoked an even greater crisis. Perhaps it has also brought about the conditions in which hopeful and far-reaching reforms may be introduced.

It must not, however, be thought that the proposals which are now before Parliament, and which owe much to the patient work of Sir Keith Hancock, are likely to prove workable in their present form. That the tribes of Uganda, and in particular the great tribe of which Mutesa is sovereign, should accept the principle of a wider unity is indeed vital; and if that unity cannot consist of East Africa as a whole (as, ideally, it should), the next best thing is that Uganda should evolve as a nation, and should not relapse into its primitive state. But the British Government and its advisers must face the fact that an African nation—for that is what it is proposed to set up—will not tolerate a system under which the Governor, appointed by Downing Street, continues to wield extensive power and disposes of an official majority on the Executive Council. If such a Constitution is accepted by the Africans of Uganda, it can only be on the understanding that it will soon be changed out of recognition.

Cohen *versus* the Kabaka

HINDSIGHT may suggest that Sir Andrew Cohen was mistaken in instigating such drastic action against the Kabaka. Certainly it now appears that the act of deposition, though undoubtedly within the competence of the Government, was carried out maladroitly and in a manner which was technically incorrect.

Yet it is probable that history will take a more sympathetic view of Sir Andrew than those who have recently been shouting him down and throwing stones at him. The Kabaka was by no means a model ruler and his political ideas were reactionary. It may be that he has learnt wisdom from his experience and that he will play his part in the new Uganda with due circumspection and in a co-operative spirit. If that is so, the Governor will in fact have won the battle which he seemed to have lost. Meanwhile the world can hardly have failed to notice that Mutesa, victim of British Imperialism, and banished from his kingdom, nevertheless chose to spend his exile in London!

West Derby

THE result of the West Derby bye-election can justly be described as sensational. In this very difficult constituency, where special circumstances militated against the Government (as we pointed out last month), not only was the Conservative candidate returned, but—more important still—the Conservative majority, which had steadily declined since 1945, was substantially increased. The new Member, Mr. John Woollam, who had the double task of fighting a tough marginal seat and of succeeding a major political personality (Lord Kilmuir), deserves all the congratulations he has received.

The Government can be all the more pleased with this result, because it has occurred in the vital North-West area, where General Elections are lost and won. (For the benefit of our overseas readers we should perhaps explain that West Derby is a suburb of Liverpool, not, as might be imagined, a Midland constituency.) There are many marginal seats in the industrial North-West, and if West Derby is a fair guide there is now reason to hope that a decisive number of these may be won by Conservatives at the next Election.

The Fog Myth

SOME Socialists have tried to explain away this signal defeat by pleading that the fog, which enshrouded the constituency during the evening of polling day, prevented many of their supporters from voting. The total poll was certainly very low even for a bye-election, and the fog may well have been largely responsible for this. But there is surely no reason to suppose that Conservatives find it any more agreeable than Socialists to make their way through a thick fog to the nearest polling station!

There was evidence of apathy throughout the campaign, and this may well have been intensified by the weather conditions on November 18. But the inescapable truth is that Government supporters were less apathetic than their opponents, and that the old age pensioners in particular did not respond to the sustained propaganda which the Labour Party had been lavishing upon them. If they had felt themselves to be the victims of Tory inhumanity, they would have registered their votes against the Government, fog or no fog.

The Politics of Pensions

ALL the same, a good many people in the country have been wondering why no further increase has yet been given to retirement pensioners, seeing that all parties are agreed that a clear case, if only in equity, has been made on their behalf. At any rate the Opposition clearly scented political advantage in exploiting this feeling when they recently put down a Motion of Censure on the Government. When it came to the point the

impression given was that there had been more enthusiasm for this course of action from the rank and file than from their leaders. Dr. Summerskill and Mr. Griffiths, tried hands in the administration of National Insurance problems, had to lead the attack, and it was no wonder that they lacked conviction, since almost every argument they could advance was open to refutation, point by point, out of their own mouths, from speeches made when the responsibility was theirs.

By contrast, Mr. Peake was clearly confident in the soundness of his case, and he achieved an outstandingly successful performance, full of humour and fire, which he seemed to enjoy as much as the House did.

Reason Prevails

THERE can be no doubt that the Government is bound to await the report of their Actuary and of the Phillips Committee. To forestall the consideration of these important documents by a mere three weeks would be to forfeit its well-founded claim to a sober and responsible attitude to public administration.

It is now known that an announcement of the increases proposed (and presumably of the attendant increases in contributions) will be made early in the new Parliament, very likely in time for a Bill to pass through the Commons before Christmas. In this there will, of course, be advantage for the Conservative Party, but it is important that this should not be exploited, except for the purpose of refuting the odious charges which have been made by Socialist demagogues. Those who care more for the public welfare than for votes will see the necessity for conveying to the electors that a pension is not, and can never be, the same as a comfortable living wage. The State cannot afford to do more than supplement, as generously as it can, the earnings and savings of individuals.

Looking Ahead

AMONG all the sound and fury of the pensions debate the speech of Mr. Enoch Powell stood out as one of the few serious contributions to the subject, and it has provoked much comment. He argued that a point has now been reached where what is being demanded on both sides of the House, and in the country, and will be provided as a result of the Government's new proposals, is a State pension at or above subsistence level, for everybody on retirement, and free of a means test. Such a pension can never in the nature of things be soundly based on the actuarial principle. In fact, as he showed, unlike sickness and unemployment benefit, this part of the National Insurance Scheme has almost nothing to do with insurance proper, since the premium payments, i.e. the stamp, are currently used to finance outgoings. Thus the weekly contribution is really a poll-tax, most of the revenue from which happens to be assigned to the payment of pensions, Mr. Powell's conclusion was that pensions ought to come out of the National Insurance Scheme and be financed from the general fund of tax revenue.

We believe that the logic of these arguments is irrefutable, but we are far from convinced that any good would come from altering the present scheme, despite its illogicality. The revenue to pay pensions has to be raised from somewhere, and the advantages of its coming in the main from the weekly stamp are considerable. Poll-tax or not, this method of raising revenue is intelligibly, even if mistakenly, related to its object in the minds of those who pay it. Far less equitable methods of financing that object would almost certainly find favour with those Socialists who cheered Mr. Powell.

Labour Disunity

THE controversy over German rearmament has provided the latest symptom of disunity within the Labour Party, and another symptom has been the exchange of amenities between *Tribune* and Mr. Arthur Deakin. But it must be emphasized that these are only symptoms; the real Socialist split is chronic and irreconcilable, though it may be some years before the fact is fully appreciated and its logical consequences accepted.

The issue is between those who want the Labour Party to continue to work, by democratic means, for the introduction of a Marxist economy, and those who have come to see that such a course is both dangerous and futile. In 1945 the Party was united on a Marxist programme, and during the next six years various nationalization measures were enacted, the effect of which has been greatly to extend the scope of bureaucracy, without noticeably increasing either the efficiency of the industries concerned or the contentment of those who work in them. The moral of this has not been lost on men like Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell, who are now clearly anxious to abandon nationalization, and are only limited by the necessity to save their own faces.

The Challenge of Bevanism

THESE " moderates " have come to the conclusion that social reform can best be achieved without economic revolution. Mr. Bevan, however, stands for the unrepentant mass of Labour " backwoodsmen," whose language is passion, not reason, and who are never likely to be asked to govern the country. Such people exist in very large numbers in the trade unions and in the constituency associations, and their representation in Parliament is by no means contemptible. They are, as it were, the raw material of Bevanism, and so long as they are given the kind of leadership that Bevan is now giving them, they will infallibly respond.

Very naturally, the trade unions are embarrassed and bewildered by this situation. On the whole the men who lead them are wise and responsible, but they find themselves in an awkward dilemma. If they say too little, they are in danger of being carried away by a movement of which they disapprove; if they say too much (as Mr. Deakin may at times have done) they are in danger of losing the support of their members.

Our first article this month, by Mr. Geddes, the Chairman of the T.U.C. well illustrates the ambiguity in which an able and conscientious trade union leader has now to take refuge.

Hangover of Controls

THE debate on the Government's White Paper on Emergency Legislation received scant attention both inside and outside the House, considering the importance of the issues involved. The matter is as follows. During the war Parliament rightly decided to increase the flexibility of the Executive, by giving Ministers emergency powers to make regulations, and orders under those regulations. These powers turned out to be a heaven-sent instrument to the 1945 Socialist Government, by which it was able to reach and bind any part of our economy and any national activity already covered by existing regulations. The field that lay open was very wide indeed. There was no further need to consult Parliament at length. The powers were there, and they were used, with what effect we know.

After 1951 Lord Kilmuir at the Home Office devoted much time and effort to getting rid of these powers, and he achieved striking results. Out of 215 regulations a bare third now remains, and many of the orders dependent upon these have been annulled. The significance of what he has done is that a future Socialist Government which wished to reimpose the controls that have gone would now be unable to do so except by legislation passed through Parliament in the ordinary way. Thus the reimposition of Socialism would be a much slower process, and could not be done clandestinely or without full public notice and discussion. The Attorney-General has made it quite clear that once a Defence regulation has gone it cannot be reintroduced without fresh legislation.

All this is excellent so far as it goes. The trouble is that some of the regulations, including the notorious 55, the mainspring of all economic and financial controls, have to be kept in being until the powers which they confer, some of which are still necessary, can be re-enshrined in specific Acts of Parliament. The sooner the Government can find time for this essential work the better. It is never easy to find legislation suitable for the last Sessions of a Government's life, and there is therefore all the more reason for hoping that the Government will now act with resolution and in good time.

The Docks: Uneasy Peace

THE long dock strike ended early last month with both sides claiming a victory and with neither having in fact made the least advance in improving the situation as it existed some nine months ago. There will now be talks to seek agreement on the extent to which overtime working must be recognized as compulsory, a point on which the Court of Enquiry reported that a narrow difference still exists. One obstacle to clearing up this point sensibly has been, and still remains, the attitude of the T.G.W.U. to the Dock Labour Scheme. The late Mr. Bevin was its

author and in consequence it is invested in trade union eyes with the inviolability of Holy Writ. It will be well if this rigorous orthodoxy now has to yield to the pressure of events.

It is hard to see what direct credit the Government can claim from the studied neutralism with which it has handled these troubles. Those who believe that to have called in the troops would have been playing into the hands of the Communists will praise Sir Walter Monckton's restraint. Others will think he has been too timid. One point can fairly be made in contrast with the handling of a similar strike in 1950, and here the Government may indirectly salvage some glory. On that occasion troops had to be used within the space of ten days to unload vital supplies; otherwise stocks on shore would have been exhausted. This time the country's reserves of food and raw materials stood up to a virtual siege of over three weeks, and could have held out longer. This reflects the increased physical strength of the economy, and justifies the return of trade to private hands. In 1950 it was the Ministries who held these stocks and they were dangerously small.

Queen Mother in the U.S.A. and Canada

AS we go to press the Queen Mother is returning from her triumphant visit to the United States and Canada. Her genuine interest in people and her astonishing ease of manner combine to make her, as has been truly said, the ideal ambassador. Wherever she went she seems to have spread goodwill and that happiness which is the secret of her charm. In New York there was a struggle merely to touch her as she passed by, and a carpet on which she trod is being displayed in a shop to wondering eyes. Republicanism is not inconsistent with an admiration for royal personages which would be thought excessive in this sceptred isle!

The Queen Mother's visit to Canada raises a question of the greatest interest. When Mr. Massey's term of office as Governor-General expires, would it not be wise of the Canadian Government to invite the Queen Mother to succeed him, if only for three years, and would it not be natural on her part to accept ? She pledged herself, when the late King died, to carry on the good work which they had done together, and she never gives the slightest sign of having forgotten that pledge. It would surely be most appropriate that she, a Queen, should act as viceroy in the senior Dominion, and there can be no doubt that her Scottish ancestry, and her ability to speak French, would be added advantages.

The initiative must of course lie with the Canadian Government, and we hope the idea may be stirring the master-minds of Ottawa.

Lord Mayor's Show : A Dreary Flop

ONCE again a heartfelt protest must be made against the Lord Mayor's Show in its modern form. November 9 was a lovely day, altogether suitable for a carnival. But in fact the citizens of London were treated to another dreary dose of State propaganda. Instead of elephants,

camels, men on stilts and gay tableaux, they had to watch a procession of cheap and ill-designed floats, advertising the Royal Navy, the Women's Royal Army Corps, and other worthy but essentially unfestive bodies. The nearest approach to gaiety was a calypso band from the West Indies, but even that was intended to boost the banana trade.

And what of the City dignitaries, who precede the Lord Mayor in his triumphal progress? Most of them travelled in sleek motor-cars, their traditional dress contrasting horribly with the chromium plate. Apart from the Lord Mayor's coach, there were only one or two horse-drawn carriages.

This is a disgraceful travesty. We should surely be very loth to reproduce in this country that American institution known as the " motorcade." The internal combustion engine was banished from the Coronation procession, and it should be banished from the Lord Mayor's Show.

Surfeit of Public Conscience

OF course there will always be spoil-sports who say that a carnival which is organized simply for pleasure, and as an outlet for high spirits, is an unjustifiable extravagance and an affront to the public conscience. But such Puritanism is out of place in England—even in post-war England. It is neither right nor possible to edify all the people all the time. And if the City of London cannot afford to put on a good show, it might as well go out of business.

Incidentally, an exciting and splendid Lord Mayor's Show would be of considerable benefit to the country, because it would attract foreigners and demonstrate to all the City's vitality and independence. But that is by the way. The prime motive should be amusement. It is necessary not only to consult the " public interest " (a dubious and at times rather sinister oracle), but also to interest the public. This is London, not Moscow.

Mr. Howard has missed his chance, but is it too much to hope that next year's Lord Mayor will revive the spirit of a great occasion?

Happy Christmas

WE wish all our readers a very happy Christmas, and we venture to suggest that they must all have friends who would welcome a year's subscription to this Review as a Christmas present!

TRADE UNIONS AND THE LABOUR PARTY

SHOULD THE LINK REMAIN?

By C. J. GEDDES

THERE is, in the question posed, almost a suggestion of disapproval, as there would be in the question: Should curates beat their wives? In the unlikely eventuality of a curate beating his wife he would probably have a very good reason for doing so. Whether the trade unions should remain linked with a political party depends, primarily, upon their reasons for doing so.

It is generally accepted that employers are attached to the Conservative Party, although not by direct affiliation, and employees to the Labour Party, sometimes by affiliation through their trade union, sometimes by direct membership, often by both.

This does not mean that all employers are Conservatives ; some are Liberals, some are Socialists. The same is true of employees. The total electorate is 34,500,000 and the number of employees organized in trade unions is 9,500,000, the vast majority of whom are voters. The trade unionist is, generally speaking, more politically conscious than the rest of the electors. The individual membership of the four parties is approximately : Labour, 1,000,000 ; Conservative, 2,520,000 ; Liberal, perhaps 100,000 ; and Communist, 30,000. But to the Labour Party must be added about 5,000,000 through trade union affiliation. It is possible that the comparatively small number of individual members of the Labour Party is a reflection of the large number affiliated through trade unions, and no one would challenge the right of the individual citizen to have an interest in a political party, because he is a trade unionist. The two functions do not necessarily conflict.

The individual employee joins a trade union for the same sort of reason (though not precisely the same) as employers join employers' federations and professional men and women join their appropriate organization ; the reason being that he believes, or is induced to believe, that his best interests will be so served. He will get security ; a voice in the " Town Hall " instead of in the " wilderness." His bargaining power will be immeasurably strengthened; he will lose a little of his sense of inferiority *vis-à-vis* his " boss "; and he will get material gains which more than justify the cost of membership. Only some of these considerations apply to employers and the professional classes.

It would be extremely difficult to challenge these assertions, except by particularizing, and it follows that the reason people organize is self-interest ; it pays dividends. Even those who organize themselves in the Church are impelled by a large degree of self-interest in ensuring their own entry into Heaven, rather than in saving the souls of others from entry into Hell.

One's politics are also largely a matter of self-interest, though not entirely so. Many people vote for what

they believe will be in the best interest of the nation as a whole, even when that may not be wholly in their own interest. But the ordinary citizen votes for the party which appears to offer the greatest advantage to him or her as an individual. The fact that party programmes are more often designed for the polling booth than the Parliamentary Chamber does not invalidate this assertion. Without hope one would cease to strive, and without hope one would, if one were sensible, cease to vote.

What, it may be asked, have these disconnected observations to do with the question posed ? In fact they provide the clue to the argument, the basis of an answer. We should now ask : has the trade union, and therefore the trade unionist, as good a reason as the " curate" ? Is it in the interest of trade unionists to affiliate their organization to a political party ? If the answer is no, then they should not. If it is yes, then they should.

The policy of the Government of the day, in the framework of often uncontrollable world forces, determines our present conditions. This is more true to-day than ever before. The Church may decide our ultimate fate, the future may lie in our own hands, or to a limited extent in the hands of particular organizations, but we cannot escape the solid impact of the present. Peace or war means potential prosperity or potential ruin. One can have no doubt which is more desired. Inter-governmental discussions may result in the liberalization of trade, and this may make it more difficult to sell at home or easier to sell abroad, or *vice versa*. The extension or restriction of the benefits of the Welfare State immediately affect the lives of many. The degree of taxation imposed will determine the size of one's house, the skill of one's tailor, the attitude of the butcher and all his tribe, the difference between the bus and the car, the chair one sits in, the bed one lies in ; in short, the degree of equanimity with which our sojourn on this complex planet can be borne.

It is of major importance, therefore, that one should be able to influence Government policy in all its aspects. An individual voter has had such an opportunity only fourteen times so far during the 20th century. Even then, he could only say that his vote was effective when the selected candidate belonged to the party which formed the Government as a result of the election. In addition, the individual member of a political party has an annual opportunity at the Party Conference ; but once again this is a very limited opportunity, since in general his vote is only effective if he votes with the majority. Besides, there is no gainsaying the fact that the decisions of a Party Conference are not binding upon a Government. The Conference may influence a Government, but does not control it.

The legislative policy of any Government is in the hands of the very few. The Government at present consists of eighteen members in the Cabinet (with sixteen members not in the Cabinet). The Prime Minister plays a very important part in the Cabinet according to his gifts and personality. The legislative policy of a Government has rested in the past, and perhaps rests at present, largely in the hands of one man. How does one influence a Prime Minister ?

To cast a vote every four years (on an average), or to vote once or twice a year on a resolution as a means of influencing policy, is like digging a hole in the garden as a protection against an atom bomb ; it will be effective if the bomb is far enough away. One's vote will be effective if the Prime Minister happens to think on the same

lines. The way to influence Governments, Cabinets, Prime Ministers and Parliaments, and therefore legislative policy, not once in five years, but as often as may be necessary, is to be able to influence the thinking of a large number of voters and to have their authority to speak on their behalf.

Trade unionists would surely be foolish if they did not make use of their organizations to serve the dual purpose of using both their industrial and their political power. They are ready-made for the purpose. When the majority of trade unionists combine together in one organization, as they do in the Trades Union Congress, they can give that organization authority to act and speak on their behalf on any subject at any time. Then the disadvantages of the individual voter disappear. Not only so, but his influence is very considerable, because it is very important to the Cabinet to know the attitude of that organization towards its present and future policy.

The trade union movement has, through its propaganda, written and personal, a great influence on the thinking of its members. That influence will be felt particularly at General Elections and in times of crisis. It can therefore help or hinder Governments to a very large extent.

There are, of course, pros and cons to any worthwhile argument, and there are cons in this case. It would be foolish for trade unionists to affiliate to more than one party, and since trade unionists are of all shades of political opinion, what right have the trade unions to commit all their members to the support of policies with which all do not agree? In any democratic organization the majority must rule and the trade union affiliates to that party which the majority of its members approve, and the Trades Union Congress adopts the policies of its affiliated organizations. In fact, the individual member who is not prepared to associate with a particular party need not do so and the trade union affiliates only in respect of those who do.

If trade unions influence political parties, is there not a danger that political parties may influence trade unions ? In particular cases this is unquestionably true, and where that influence is against the interests of the members it is the members who are at fault. A closer examination of the facts will indicate that the influence of the trade unions upon the Labour Party is considerably greater than the influence of the party upon trade unions. The trade unions' influence upon party policy is due to two reasons, (1) money, lots of it, and (2) votes. many of them. This money will be spent and these votes cast in the direction which will further trade union policy, whether it be to hasten or to put the brake on some policy or project.

The influence of the party on the trade unions is of a completely different kind. Primarily it rests upon loyalties ; secondly, that trade unions are unlikely to work against a party in which they play so important a part, and thirdly, upon the activity of individual members of the party working through their trade union branches. The fact is that whilst the trade unions could manage reasonably well without the party, the party would be seriously handicapped without the trade unions.

If the trade unions bind themselves to one particular party, do they not risk the loss of any influence when an opposition party is in power ? If they did, it would be a serious handicap and they might have to reconsider their position. But they do not have to make this sacrifice, because they are too great a potential force to be ignored by any Government. Certainly they should exercise more influence on a Labour

Government than on any other. Perhaps they do !

If it is to fulfil its primary functions the trade union movement must pay regard to the political implications of its industrial policy and keep a link with political parties. Insofar, therefore, as the industrial policy of the trade union movement can be furthered by keeping a link with a political party, it would be extremely foolish to break that link. Of course, there are dangers. If the link to one party becomes so strong that the party controls the movement—and this might happen—then the trade unions would become mere handmaids of the party. On this aspect the movement must remain ever vigilant.

Should the link with the Labour Party remain? It would certainly be extremely difficult to break. The Labour Party really is the " Adam's rib " of the Trades Union Congress since it grew from a Committee whose sole purpose was to ensure trade union representation in Parliament. Virtually the Trades Union Congress wanted to create a trade union party representing trade unionists and putting the trade union point of view in the House. The Labour Party still serves that purpose inasmuch as that a reasonable number of Members of Parliament are direct nominees of Trade Unions.

No reasonable person would deny that the Conservative Party is much more national, and much less sectional, in its outlook than it was fifty years ago. It is still doctrinaire on such policies as free enterprise, but even so it would not sacrifice what it believed to be the national interests in the absolute pursuance of that policy. Nevertheless it is, and is understood to be, the party of privilege and profit. Its major support comes from those interested primarily in the level of profit and not the level of wages. It is the employers' party and the presence of one or two Trade Unionists on the rostrum at the annual rally does not alter the fact that this is a generally held belief—by those in the Conservative Party and those without.

The Labour Party on the other hand is demonstrably the party of the employees; its main policy is not directed towards maintaining or increasing the level of profit, but towards maintaining and increasing the real value of wages. Its economic planning is directed towards the elimination of profit, and a more equal distribution of the productive wealth of the country, both in agriculture and industry. It is against private enterprise and in favour of controls and public ownership. The trade union leaders believe that these policies are a political collary to their industrial policy. If they are to retain their political affiliations then the link with the Labour Party is the obvious one. Since there appear to be valid arguments in support of political affiliations, then there are equally valid arguments for retaining the link with the Labour Party. If the time should come when it can be demonstrated beyond any possible doubt that free enterprise means national prosperity, and high profits high real wages, then the question of breaking the link might arise, but only if it could equally be demonstrated that the methods used to attain these desirable ends were better, from the employees' point of view, than those of the Labour Party.

The maxim of Samuel Gompers, the virtual founder of the American trade union movement, was to keep free of any political party, to support one's friends and oppose one's enemies. The view of the British trade unions is not so far away from this as it might appear, since they support their friends and oppose their enemies wherever they find them.

This material approach on the part of a movement which was founded upon,

and which still proclaims, its ideals may seem wrong. Most trade unionists have learned that the surest way to move forward, whilst watching the stars, is to move slowly and make certain the front foot is on firm ground before bringing up the other.

C. J. GEDDES.

ITALY'S TWO NATIONS

By RICHARD BAILEY

OF all current national stereotypes that of the indolent Italian dividing his time between opera, Chianti, garlic, siestas and unkindness to animals is one of the least realistic. For Italy to-day consists of two nations preoccupied with very different matters. One is the industrial north which is enjoying a period of prosperity and expansion. The other is the Mezzogiorno, the backward agricultural regions of Central and Southern Italy, the Po Delta and the islands.

In some ways Italy has made a remarkable post-war recovery. Last year the national income rose by 6½ per cent., revenue from direct taxation by 18 per cent. and in the first half of this year industrial production increased by 12 per cent. At the same time the newly discovered deposits of methane or natural gas in the Po region, have gone a long way towards replacing expensive imported coal. The liberalization of overseas trade has been followed by an encouraging rise in exports and fall in imports. Certain industries, notably motor vehicles, iron and steel and chemicals, are particularly prosperous. The mining of mercury has never been so profitable and textiles, especially rayon and cellulose, are developing rapidly.

But all this is happening in the North. What about the rest of Italy? The Italian South has always been poor, under-developed and unfortunate. The political developments which accompanied the unification of Italy were economically disastrous to the South. One of the first acts of the newly-created Italian State of 1861 was to abolish internal tariff barriers. The industries of the South promptly collapsed. The expansion of industry which took place in the North during both the First and Second World Wars widened the gap still further.

The traditional cure for the overpopulation of the South was emigration. Since the war conditions for emigration have not been entirely satisfactory. Receiving countries have made rigid stipulations as to the type of emigrant they are prepared to take, and the conditions under which they will work. In Europe Italians have been welcomed in the coal mines of Belgium, but this demand has now been satisfied. Both Switzerland and France want Italian agricultural labourers, but many difficulties have arisen. In Switzerland non-working members of emigrant families are not allowed into the country, and there are complaints of low pay and bad working conditions. Emigration to European countries is generally only temporary.

Emigration to the U.S.A. has been virtually stopped by the McCarran Act. Since the war Argentina and Brazil have taken most emigrants. But the numbers going to Argentina have fallen off from 78,000, 96,000 and 80,000 in 1948, 1949 and 1950, to 21,000 in 1953, largely because of the

unstable economic conditions created by inflation. In Brazil Italians complain of extremely low wages, uncertain employment conditions and the difficulty of finding out what conditions are like before sailing.

The two countries on which Italy would like to concentrate the flow of emigrants are Canada and Australia. Compared with most Latin American countries, both may be said to enjoy iron Constitutions, and social conditions and the regulations covering employment are good.

Between 1946 and 1953 some 1,100,000 Italians have emigrated. The majority of these came from the South. This volume of emigration has not been large enough to make any noticeable reduction in the population. It has, in fact, aggravated the problem of the steadily increasing proportion of dependents in the Italian population. The difficulty is that too many people of all kinds are trying to live on the under-developed resources of the South. It is no solution simply to uproot the more active and enterprising inhabitants.

The existence of the Mezzogiorno presents a whole series of problems, of which the most serious are unemployment and poverty. Over two million Italians are unemployed and attempts to make work for them have led to considerable under-employment and low productivity. To raise productivity to the British level would put a further one and a half million Italians out of work. The income of the average Italian worker is only one-half that of the French, one-third that of the English and one-sixth that of the American worker. Low as these figures are, they do not tell the whole story, for the average income per head in the South is only one-sixth that in the North.

The combination of low wages and unemployment in the South have produced a condition of stark general poverty. A survey made by the Central Institute of Statistics in September, 1952, revealed that over a third of the population eats practically no meat and over a quarter eat meat only once a week. In addition, one-quarter of the population live in overcrowded or inadequate houses. Of every two families in the South, one is living either in destitution or at a poor standard of living, consuming little meat, sugar or wine.

The poverty of the South is reflected in bad housing conditions, and overcrowding is the general rule. A survey showed that the 628,000 inhabitants of Lucania (geographically the instep of the Italian foot) lived crowded in 311,000 rooms. The statistics do not reveal that cow-sheds adjoin living quarters, that pigs are free to come and go in the family dwellings, that even the most primitive forms of sanitation are rare, that water supplies are inadequate, and that personal and domestic cleanliness are impossible to achieve, even if they were considered desirable.

It is not surprising that with such a combination of dietary deficiency and overcrowding, diseases such as tuberculosis, trachoma, rickets, diabetes and rheumatism should flourish. Some progress has been made, however. Malaria has been reduced to negligible proportions by the use of DDT. But on the whole the health services of the South are totally inadequate. Lucania has two hospitals, with a total of 440 beds, for its whole population. Even when the six infirmaries of the province are added, there is only four-fifths of a hospital bed to every 1,000 inhabitants. Any one in this area requiring hospital treatment must travel an average of eighty-eight miles to get it. Lucania is probably the most back-


FRANCE
GERMANY
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA
AUSTRIA
SWITZERLAND
HUNGARY
TRIDENTINA
LOMBARDY
VENETIA
Trieste
YUGO-SLAVIA
Turin
Milan
PIEDMONT
LIGURIA
EMILIA
Venice
ADRIATIC SEA
Genoa
Florence
MARCHE
TUSCANY
UMBRIA
ABRUZZI e MOLISE
LAZIO
CORSICA
Rome
PUGLIA
CAMPANIA
Naples
LUCANIA
SARDINIA
Cagliari
TYRRHENIAN SEA
CALABRIA
Palermo
IONIAN SEA
SICILY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
MILES
0 20 40 60 80 100 120 140 160 180
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ward province, but conditions are only relatively less bad elsewhere. It is not surprising that the illiteracy rate is from 20–30 per cent. in the South, reaching the appalling level of 53 per cent. in the district of Cagliani.

One of the complications of the problem of the Mezzogiorno is that Southern Italy has the highest birth rate in Western Europe. It has been calculated that 71 per cent. of the population increase likely to take place in Italy in the next ten years will be in the South.

The economic and social problems of the Mezzogiorno cannot be treated in isolation, for the unemployed of the South crowd into the suburbs of Milan. A body known as the *Centro Nazionàle di Prevenzione e Difesa Sociale* held an international conference in Milan in October this year at which economists, sociologists and others discussed the problems of the under-developed areas. There is no doubt that informed opinion in Italy is seriously concerned about the Mezzogiorno.

In 1950, at the instigation of the late Signor de Gasperi, a Twelve-Year Plan for the economic development of the Mezzogiorno was drawn up. Action has centred round two main organizations. The first of these is the *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno*, a special development authority whose job is to start up industry, improve agriculture and stimulate trade. Private firms have been encouraged to set up factories in the South, for which generous loans and tax concessions have been granted. A great deal of public money will have to be found for roads, power stations, hospitals and schools. Local capital is very hard to mobilize and gold buried in the soil generates no electricity. The industries of the North, which already carry a very heavy burden of direct and indirect taxation, will be made less competitive by increased levies for the benefit of the South.

The second set of activities centre round the Land Reform Agencies. There are six of these charged with the task of expropriating the big estates and dividing them up between prospective small farmers. The former owners receive compensation in 5 per cent. bonds. The new tenants receive four or five acres of land, payment for which can be spread over thirty years. It remains to be seen whether this measure, which is popular on social grounds, will be successful in improving agricultural production.

The chances of success are very difficult to forecast. Apart from the immense practical difficulties involved, there are various imponderable factors, the total effect of which may be decisive. It has been said that Italy is trying to work a new Constitution with old laws. There are a number of old customs, too, that do not make for progress. Perhaps the greatest handicap is the inefficiency of the Italian bureaucracy. Official slowness and cupidity are a byword in Italy. The method of assessing direct taxes positively encourages dishonesty. This is illustrated most clearly in the four levels which enter into every Italian income-tax calculation. The first of these is the actual level of income received. The second is what the tax assessor says was received. The third is what the recipient says was received. And the fourth is the amount on which tax is actually paid. Needless to say, the third level is well below the first. The difference between the second and fourth depends entirely on the thickness of the "envelope" slipped into the tax assessor's hand.

A further set of difficulties arise from the peculiar structure of Italian industry. The big State-controlled finance and holding corporations, which came into being at the time of the banking

crisis of the 1930s, are far from efficient. The biggest of these, I.R.I. (*Instituto Reconstructione Italiano*) is the prop for a number of very shaky concerns. Neither the trade unions nor Italian business like I.R.I. and the other corporations. But the consequences of reorganizing them would be too drastic for any Government to contemplate. It is a measure of the weakness of the Italian economy that few efforts to raise productivity can be undertaken.

Two examples will illustrate the way in which past mistakes in Government economic policy have to be paid for at the cost of industrial efficiency. After the British evacuation of the Abadan oilfields the Italians developed their oil refinery capacity in the hope of securing predominance in the industry. In fact, very little Persian oil has found its way to Italy and there is now a surplus refining capacity of about seven million tons. In order to help the refining industry, the price of methane from the Po valley deposits has been fixed, not in relation to its cost of production, which is very low, but to the price of fuel oil. The advantages of this cheap new source of power are being nullified by this device. The second example is the strange anomaly that in a capital-hungry country there is a 15 per cent. tax on capital transactions.

There can be no easy solution to a problem as complicated as that of the Mezzogiorno. The crux of the matter is the provision of capital. Is Italian industry sufficiently strong to provide all the money that will be needed? If not, what are the chances of further American aid or of help from the International Bank or one of the specialist organizations of the United Nations?

The solution of these questions will depend very largely on what happens on the political front in the next few



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SIGNOR MARIO SCELBA (CENTRE, WEARING GLASSES).

months. If the Government of Signor Mario Scelba remains in being until the end of the year it will be safe until the Presidential elections are over. These take place in May and under the Constitution a General Election cannot be held in the six months preceding a Presidential Election. There is danger in this situation too, however, for no obvious successor to Signor Einaudi is as yet in sight. In a country where the Republican tradition is short and extremists flourish, the need for a President who commands the respect of all sections of the community need not be stressed.

The next General Election, supposing that the Government runs its full term, will be in 1958. But 1958 is still a long way off and the Communists and their associates, the Nenni Socialists, are highly skilled tacticians. Their manœuvres to prevent the ratification of

the Nine Power Treaty were only narrowly defeated.* The Communists also intend to exploit the two scandals in which the Government is involved. The first of these is the notorious Montesi affair, in which the son of the former Foreign Minister, Piccioni, is implicated. The other is the Guiliano case which was described in a recent issue of *The National and English Review*. A great deal of heat is going to be generated before these two skeletons are buried.

The Christian Democrats are therefore in a difficult position. In order to maintain their hold on the South, which has always voted solidly for them, they must press on with relief measures for the Mezzogiorno. The money to pay for these must, in large part, be raised in the North. Their efforts to raise more money from industrial taxation and from a tightening up of income tax regulations are naturally unpopular. Meanwhile, the Communists are making a great propaganda drive in the South. Their arguments are simple and plausible. The Christian Democrats, they say, are trying to help the South only because Communist pressure has forced them into doing so. Further, it is well known that the Christian Democrats are the tool of Northern big business. If they are prepared to break up the big estates and bring employment to the South can anybody doubt that the Communists, who really believe in social justice, would do far more for the Mezzogiorno?

The principal opposition to these arguments comes not from the politicians, but from the Church. The Don Camillos of the South denounce Communism from their pulpits in simple, unequivocal terms. Communist propaganda is persistent and persuasive. The best arguments that the Government could put forward against Communism would be a fall in the level of unemployment and a rise in the standard of living. The time during which such concrete arguments can be brought forward is short. The Communists already poll 35 per cent. of the Italian electorate. The margin is narrow and the danger obvious. The Scelba Government is carrying a heavy weight of responsibility, not only for Italy, but for Western Europe. The Mezzogiorno are not just an Italian problem.

RICHARD BAILEY.

* The present state of the Parties in the House of Representatives is Christian Democrats 262, Liberals 14, Royalists 39, Italian Socialist Movement (neo Fascist) 29, Communists 143, Italian Socialists (Nenni) 75, Italian Social Democrats (Saragat) 19, mixed 9.

AMERICA'S DIVIDED GOVERNMENT

By DENYS SMITH

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, as a result of November's Congressional elections, will have to deal with a Congress which his party does not control. Such a situation would be impossible in a country with a Parliamentary form of Government, but nine Presidents since the Civil War have had to cope with it. Four, like Eisenhower, have had to deal with an opposition party in control of both Houses, five with an opposition in con-

trol of one branch of the Legislature. Their experience has been varied. Since the best-known example abroad is Woodrow Wilson's failure to secure ratification from a Republican Senate of the Versailles Treaty, which meant that America did not belong to the League of Nations, the situation is one which may be regarded with exaggerated alarm.

There is, of course, always a danger of a stalemate, but it is at least reassuring to note that no previous President has faced the problems of a divided government with quite the same advantages as Eisenhower. A former General also elected to the White House on the strength of his war record, General Grant, had a hostile House during his second term. Grant's successor was a Republican, Rutherford B. Hayes, which appears to contradict the usual rule that, if a President's party loses the election which takes place midway in his term of office, it loses the Presidency two years later. Hayes, however, had a smaller popular vote than his Democratic rival, Samuel Tilden. The electoral vote in four States was disputed and there was much criticism when a special commission appointed by Congress gave Hayes the verdict. Continuing chronologically, President Garfield's Vice-President, Chester Arthur, who became President when the former was shot by a disappointed office seeker, also had to contend with a Democratic House. Another Republican President, Benjamin Harrison, had trouble with a Democratic House. Cleveland, a Democrat, who had contended fairly successfully with a Republican Senate during his first term, was baffled by a Republican House and Senate during the latter half of his second term, which followed that of Harrison. The division of power made it difficult for him to deal with the aftermath of a major financial panic. Taft, a Republican, had to deal with a growing rift with his fellow-Republican, Teddy Roosevelt, as well as with a Democratic House. Wilson's difficulties have already been mentioned. Hoover's troubles with a Democratic House frustrated his efforts to meet the big depression, as he has complained bitterly in a recent book. Truman had to deal with a Republican-controlled Congress in 1946.

Eisenhower differs in various respects from all the above. His political life started when he entered the White House, or perhaps one should say about six months earlier when he began to campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination. He has no long political past behind him, with the inevitable accumulation of resentments and bitter feeling. It is hard not to "like Ike"; even the Democrats feel this. He did not come into power as did Grant, Hayes and Hoover after a long period of Republican Party rule. He is therefore not the prisoner of his predecessors' policies and does not have to defend these or shoulder responsibility for them. His personal prestige has not suffered since he entered political life, as did Grant's. He has no depression to embarrass him as had Hoover. There was nothing doubtful about his popular majority when elected, which was not the case with Hayes or with Arthur, who had no popular mandate at all. The country is so much more united on foreign policy than it was when Wilson faced a hostile Republican Congress that the situations cannot be compared. The determination to resist Communist imperialistic expansion, and to do this in co-operation with other free nations, is a national, not a party, policy. Even on details of foreign policy, such as opposition to admitting Communist China to the United Nations, there is no division on party lines. Both

Houses for three years running have unanimously passed resolutions opposing this. Truman, who had the Republicans in control of both Houses from 1946 to 1948, found no difficulty in co-operating with them on foreign policy. This was the period of the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Treaty. Truman's domestic programme was blocked, but he made use of this to denounce the " do nothing " Congress during the Presidential elections of 1948 and reversed the usual rule that a party's mid-term loss of Congressional control foretells loss of the White House. Eisenhower, however, unlike Truman, has no controversial domestic programme which he wants to thrust through Congress.

When former Presidents lost control of one or both Houses of Congress in the middle of their four-year term, the results reflected a loss of confidence by the voters in the President and his policies. No such conclusion can be drawn from this year's election. In the first place the net change in the Senate and House was extremely small. (It is sometimes forgotten that when one seat changes hands the winning party's majority is increased by two.) In the Senate thirty-seven seats were at stake. There were eight changes; in three States Republicans captured a seat from a Democrat, and in five states a Democrat captured a seat from a Republican. Senators serve six-year terms on a staggered basis, so only one-third of the Senate (plus any vacancies due to death or retirement) is elected every two years. The new Senate will have 47 Republicans, 48 Democrats, and one Independent, Senator Morse of Oregon, who has announced that he will vote with the Democrats, giving them a majority of one. In the House 27 seats changed hands. the Democrats winning 22 (one from an Independent) and the Republicans five. There are now 232 Democrats in the House and 203 Republicans, giving the Democrats a majority of 29. Not only are the Democratic majorities in Congress small, but the majorities by which many of them were elected are also small. The same is true of many Republicans. If 8,254 additional Republicans had voted for their Senatorial candidates in the three western States of Oregon, Wyoming and Montana, the division in the Senate would have been 50 Republicans, 45 Democrats and 1 Independent. Democrats won in those three States by majorities of only 2,099, 3,039 and 3,113 respectively. There was no Democratic landslide, no revolt of the voters against Eisenhower or the Republican Party. The Democrats won fewer seats than is normal in mid-term elections, when the tendency nearly always is for the political pendulum to swing away from the party in power.

There is another reason for assuming that the election results were not a rebuff for Eisenhower. All but a few Democratic candidates carefully refrained from attacking him while many argued that he would have more support for his programme if they were elected than if their Republican opponents were elected. Finally, both Democrats and Republicans acknowledge that Republican losses would have been greater if the President had not taken an active part in the campaign during its closing period. The election has certainly strengthened Eisenhower's position in his own party. Nearly all the Republicans elected to the House and Senate owe him a political debt to some extent. They now recognize what many failed to recognize before, that Eisenhower is the Republican Party's greatest asset. In addition the election further deflated the already diminished political prestige of McCarthy. Several of McCarthy's fol-

lowers were defeated, while the one Republican candidate against whom he actively campaigned, Case of New Jersey, managed to win despite the opposition of the Republican Right wing.

The shift of influence within the Republican Party to the Eisenhower " middle-of-the-roaders " was matched within the Democratic Party by a shift of influence to the Conservative wing. These two groups have much in common and, since their basic philosophies are similar, co-operation should not be too difficult. The election results constituted a rebuke to the extreme wings of both parties. The President's instinctive judgment, given the day after the elections, that the American people object to extreme views and want a middle-of-the-road programme, seems sound. The differences between the rival wings of both parties is greater than between the dominant factions of each party. American parties are not neatly divided according to principles or philosophies of government. The intra-party character of differences on both domestic and foreign policy is often cited by foreign commentators as a fault to be corrected. Actually it becomes a distinct advantage when the Government is divided and compromise, conciliation and co-operation are essential.

Possibly the greatest advantage which Eisenhower has over any of his predecessors who had to deal with an opposition Congress is that temperamentally he is not a party man. " Golly, you sure get tired of all this clackety-clack," he commented after making his final election eve appeal. His two immediate predecessors, Truman and Roosevelt, thoroughly enjoyed the excitement of party manœuvring. Eisenhower finds it distasteful. He finds it more congenial to be a national leader than a party leader, and that is the role which circumstances now make essential.

It would be too much to expect a political armistice during the next two years. But in present world circumstances the best political course, both for the party which controls Congress and the party which controls the Executive branch, may well be not to " play politics " too hard. The voters would resent it and show their resentment when the Presidential elections of 1956 take place. Party leaders, bearing this in mind, and conscious also of the fact that neither has any reason to be fully satisfied with the election results, have every inducement to act during the coming two-year period of divided government with caution and restraint.

DENYS SMITH.

FINLAND AFTER REPARATIONS

By K. WESTCOTT JONES

THE long reparations train from Finland to the Soviet Union has completed its last journey, but a partial vacuum remains in its wake. Although the extent of her war debt to Russia was modified, Finland paid an average of 5 per cent. of her net national product in reparations from 1945 to 1952. As these payments were required in commodities, many new industries had to be created in order to supply them, and large-scale investments were



THE GREAT SQUARE IN HELSINKI : ON THE RIGHT THE CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION.

made to manufacture machinery and other products previously foreign to her economy.

Now that these compulsory exports to her powerful neighbour have ceased, Finnish factories are faced with the problem of finding profitable markets for the disposal of surplus industrial goods, and preventing unemployment among the new generation of metal workers. The Soviet Union has agreed to buy large quantities of machinery and similar products from Finland, and in 1953 the largest share of her imports —to the tune of £50 million—came from Finland. This figure, although settled by cash, represents a considerable reduction on the value of imports obtained under the reparations agreement.

Due to enforced industrial expansion, the proportion of Finland's urban population to rural dwellers has increased from 18 per cent. before the war to 32·3 per cent. last year. Tampere, Finland's 'Manchester,' has a population of more than 115,000 and houses some 400 factories of various sizes. Locomotives for the Finnish State Railways are produced at Tampere, while motor-coach bodies are fitted to imported chassis, trams are built, and enormous cable works are to be found within the precincts of this modern city. All these items reflect the change towards industrialization, and the move away from wood (Finland's "green gold" for so many years) and agriculture.

Shortage of foreign exchange, the desire to be less dependent on Russian buying, and the need to expand sales to the West have caused the Finnish Government to take active steps towards building a lively tourist industry. The Olympic Games helped enormously in 1952, when 150,000 visitors arrived

from all over the world. These people must have appreciated what they saw of the country, for many of them returned the following year and brought their friends. The figures for 1953 were as high as those for the previous year. This convincing demonstration of the possibilities of a vigorous tourist traffic enabled the Government to go ahead with ambitious plans. Many new hotels have been built, and a total of 19,000 " tourist beds " are available throughout the country.

Three large civil airports are under construction in Finland, one of them—Seutola—being already in partial use outside Helsinki. One runway has been completed, and a second will be ready early in 1955, by which time Helsinki's older airport at Malmi will have gone out of service. There are already forty air movements a day at Seutola by seven scheduled airlines—including Pan-American and Russia's Aeroflot.

Turku, an ancient cultural city in South-West Finland, is having a new airport built at Rusko, seven miles from the city centre. This will be an expensive modern civil port, made necessary by the increase in air traffic and the inadequacy of the existing gravel strip a mile away from the town. The third is being built at Pori (once known as Björneborg) on the Gulf of Bothnia, but only as an extension of the existing runways and administrative buildings. All three new airports will have, or already possess, runways of 2,000 metres in length, capable of taking the largest civilian transports.

Much of the labour for this work is provided by drunken drivers. Motorists who are convicted as first offenders are sent to work at the airports for periods of one to three months. They receive the normal rate of pay for the job, and their wives and families are provided with free transportation to visit them on Sundays. But the work



A FINNISH TRAIN BEING " BLACKED OUT " BEFORE CROSSING THE PORKKALA ZONE.

is hard, and the drivers one sees in the wide streets of Finland's modern cities are noticeably careful these days.

Finland is not a member of the United Nations, nor of any defence organization in the West or East. She plays a large part in sections of UNO activity such as the Cultural Organization, but otherwise she is on the fence and detached from the world's biggest troubles. Such work as airport construction and other engineering projects is nothing to do with defence, but is genuinely devoted to the promotion of tourism and the expansion of Finnish trade.

Transport in Finland is being improved as rapidly as funds allow. Private enterprise plays a large part, and many of the bus lines operating at high frequency in all areas of the country—even on the rough roads of Lapland—are owned by small firms in keen competition with each other. Two airlines have a most important place in the nation's domestic travel picture.

The larger of the two is Finnair, founded 31 years ago as Aero Oy (the Oy standing for Osake Yhtio—the Finnish equivalent of public limited company), and now operating the largest internal network of services in Northern Europe. Typical of the confidence felt in Finland since the lifting of the reparations burden is the fact that Finnair has opened direct routes within the past year from Helsinki to Düsseldorf, Paris and London. Convair 340 aircraft were purchased from the United States for these trunk runs, and the blue and silver "Finliners" have already proved popular among tourists and business-men, for whom the trip to Finland was once a long and laborious one, involving changes of aircraft, or four days in trains and steamers.

On internal routes, Finnair has cut its charges to 3*d.* a mile, with free bus transport to and from the airports. The Finns are rapidly becoming as air-minded as the Australians, and the relatively short hauls serving ten towns and cities, summer and winter, are well loaded. Kharumaki Airways, the other operator in Finland, is entirely a privately-owned concern. With a service of D.C.3's, this line links Stockholm with Tampere, Helsinki, and smaller towns in the Eastern lake district near Karelia.

Despite extensive damage suffered during the Winter War of 1939–40, and subsequently when the Germans were driven out in 1944, the railways are making a challenge to the severe competition offered by buses and aircraft. The Finnish State Railways not only lost much rolling stock, but in some cases whole sections of main line were swallowed up by the ceding of territory to the Russians. Diesel trains have been built and offer fast comfortable runs on some main lines, but there are still many four-wheeled carriages with wooden seats. Under the Government's tourist attraction policy, upholstery is being feverishly rushed into many of these compartments, and some new Finnish third-class sleepers will stand comparison with any in the world. Finnish State Railways may enviably boast about their fares, which at 1¼*d.* a mile, third class, are the cheapest in Europe.

The Russians still occupy Porkkala Zone, which straddles the main line from Finland's important Western sea-outlet at Turku to Helsinki. Surface travellers arriving in Finland with through rail tickets to the capital must cross this Zone. The Soviet have leased Porkkala for 50 years, and that means another 40 years at least of inconvenience—unless the Finns build their tracks around the Zone. Buses already go round the outside on a new gravel road, but rail traffic is so sparse that it hardly seems worth constructing a new line. The Russians do at least co-operate at Porkkala. I travelled by train through the Zone recently without even having to show my passport. As soon as it reaches the Russian Zone frontier station, the train is sealed and all windows are blacked-out by heavy steel shutters. The rolling stock used on this line has been specially fitted to allow this operation to be carried out quickly, and railwaymen helped by Russian sentries complete it in less than two minutes. The Finnish railway guard is locked in his compartment, Soviet armed sentries mount the steps at the end of each coach, and the Finnish locomotive is replaced by a huge Russian one, painted blue with a red star mounted on the chimney. The train proceeds for 85 minutes across the forbidden Zone until, at the Finnish frontier, daylight is restored to the passengers and the train handed back to the Finns. The passengers are not examined, and there are no form-

alities of any kind. It seems a little strange, however, not to be able to look out of the window until only twelve miles from Helsinki.

A special tourist rate of exchange is allowed for foreigners in Finland, affording 940 Finmarks to the £ Sterling. Finns may travel abroad freely, but they are rarely able to visit the Soviet Union. In most cases they show little or no inclination to make such a journey, and usually flock to Sweden, Denmark or Norway, where there are no passport formalities owing to a recently negotiated reciprocal agreement. Finland would like to abolish the visas which inconvenience journeys to and from Britain, but I am told by senior Finnish authorities that every approach is quashed by British Immigration officials. Finns are allowed a maximum of 35,000 Finmarks for a journey abroad, except to the United States, where special dollar restrictions apply. Although foreign currency is short, they place a high value upon foreign travel, and would rather restrict the import of cars than hinder the free movement of their own people.

Cars are not made in Finland, nor are they even assembled there. In fact the car question has become quite a contentious issue, since some people affirm that Russian cars are imported too freely. I have seen five different car-producing countries represented at one taxi stand in Helsinki, with Pobeida taxis from Moscow tending to predominate. But, even if Russian cars are increasingly in evidence, there is no doubt whatever that Finland is strongly neutral on the East-West question, with her eyes turned firmly towards the West in all matters of culture, outlook, religion—and tourism.

K. WESTCOTT JONES.

SOAPBOX AND SCAFFOLD

By DAVID TYLDEN-WRIGHT

BOB was the first of the speakers to arrive, and in a moment his rickety rostrum proudly labelled "Bob's Platform" became the focal point for most of those who had been standing, strolling or even pushing prams about the damp expanse of Orator's Corner on this tail-end of a Sunday morning. Bob was elderly with a pink face beaming benevolence, straggling white hair, and a voice whose cracked chords showed the strain of many years of tub-thumping. "I have been asked to speak to-day," started Bob, "on the fellows who fell in the war." "Who by?" "What war?" "Don't get the wrong war, Bob"—chanted the chorus beneath the rostrum. Bob viewed his audience reproachfully. "Naturally I am not going to talk about Waterloo." "What about Paddington?" said a voice from the back. "And I didn't fight at the Crimea either. But I've fought in two wars, and it would give me great pleasure to kill some more enemies of my country if they all looked like you." Glowing with satisfaction at having scored his point, Bob leaned over the rail and jerked his head belligerently towards

his hecklers. At this point—" You're losing your clients, Bob," shouted a voice from the outside, and indeed the arrival of a stately figure carrying, instead of the umbrella and briefcase one would have expected, a pole with a placard bearing the inscription " Conservative and Unionist Hyde Park Meeting " had distracted the attention of many of Bob's audience.

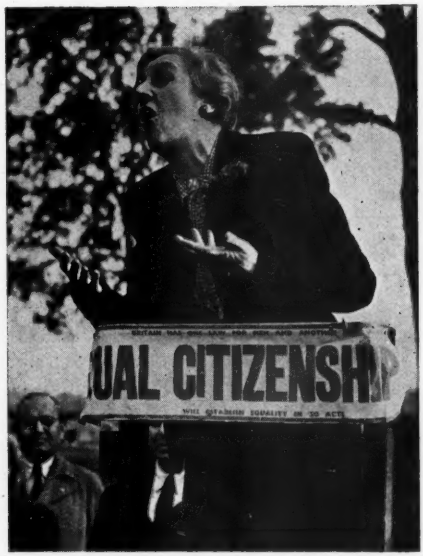
The Conservative speaker set up his rostrum with slow and self-conscious solemnity, climbed upon it with the air of one mounting the scaffold, surveyed his audience speculatively and began. " On this one Sunday of the year," he said, " I am not going to talk party politics. I would like instead to point out the many strands of common interest that unite us as a nation, and merely remark in passing how much better these interests are served by our Government of to-day than by that of a few years back." There were by now several rival points of attraction. Alongside Bob, now passing photographs of himself around the faithful few still in attendance " in appreciation of a friend who has framed them for me," a small neat man wearing a brilliant blue cravat had attracted the curiosity of a considerable crowd by the showman's trick of dangling a watch on a long chain in one hand while in the other he slowly turned a small iron hoop. " Do you know," he said addressing his audience in a tone of wonderment, " they come from all over the world to see us in the forum here at Hyde Park. We're a national institution."

And of course he was perfectly right. The orators in Hyde Park are one of the sights of London and certainly one of the most remarkable features of British life, for what other country has placed so convenient a rostrum at the service of its critics and its cranks? They are also remarkably good entertainment, and only bad weather will deny them an audience, a varying and a vagrant one certainly, but usually one of a sufficient size to provide them with the response that is an essential part of the Hyde Park speaker's performance. Bad weather may damp but does not necessarily deter the speakers themselves, and Shaw tells us how once in deluging rain he addressed an audience that consisted only of the six policemen who had been sent to watch him and the secretary of the organization that had asked him to speak, who held an umbrella over his head.

> I made up my mind to interest those policemen, though as they were on duty to listen to me, their usual practice, after being convinced that I was harmless, was to pay no further attention. I entertained them for more than an hour. I can still see their waterproof capes shining in the rain when I shut my eyes.

Most of the crowd wander about from group to group, sampling each speaker in turn in much the same fashion as they would move from booth to booth on a fairground. Those that remain constant are generally those who want their say but are not prepared to get up on a soapbox for it, preferring the less conspicuous but also less vulnerable position of a heckler in the audience. Their demands of self-expression are sometimes not high. There was, for example, in the audience of the Conservative speaker a grim-looking man with a rat-trap jaw covered with a day's growth of white stubble, who made no intelligible comment but merely said " Ha! Ha! " in a derisory tone every time the speaker paused for breath. As a technique of irritation and interruption it was particularly effective, and although the speaker succeeded for a while in turning a deaf ear towards it, in the end he





HYDE PARK ORATORS (MALE AND FEMALE). *Picture Post Library.*

was forced to appeal to what he called "the rules and regulations of Hyde Park meetings." The crowd, surprisingly, responded to his appeal, the heckler was told to shut up, and shortly afterwards he marched purposefully off towards a smaller group around a speaker whose platform bore the placarded slogan "Ugly facts for Labourites" that promised to be easier game. Often the rhetorical battle between speaker and spectators is fierce, but the fiercer it is the larger the audience. Rather than being rattled by their critics the speakers seem to thrive and even depend on them. Both sides generally give the appearance of thoroughly enjoying themselves; and indeed if they were not, why would they be there?

It is difficult to trace the origins of so eccentric a custom. Certainly in Victorian times it was fully established, although its complexion then was more religious than political. An article in a weekly journal "conducted by Charles Dickens," *All the Year Round*, describes the scene as it was at that time—April, 1861—and one surprising feature was the prevalence of boy preachers. One of them not more than sixteen or seventeen "would speak of his experiences among sinners with the authority of a confessor, and would repeat his conversations with aged reprobates as if he had been a minister of religion for a score of years. . . . I counted six or seven different boys, of ages varying from twelve to sixteen years, employed in this way at different times, and I must own that there was an appearance of straining, of almost epileptic excitement about their gestures and bearing, which, coupled with the utterly commonplace phrases they were speaking, was painful and distressing in the extreme. . . . As, on my way out of the Park, I reached the outskirts of the crowd that hemmed in the last of these young preachers, and prepared to take my departure, I could not help noticing, with a feeling of some amusement, a

certain figure standing at the very edge of the assembly. It was the figure of a man listening very eagerly to the incoherencies which one of these boy-preachers was dragging his way through, wearily, at the close of the day. This man had his head bent eagerly forward, and hearing with his eyes as well as his ears, was glancing from the corners of the first-named organs as those do who are listening with especial eagerness. He was dressed entirely in black, a peculiar thin white muslin band, with black showing through it, enveloping his neck. A smile of the most withering contempt played about his thin lips and the corners of his watching eyes. He was a Jesuit priest." But if, nowadays, there are no more boy preachers, neither the type nor the approach of the political philosopher of that time seems to have greatly changed in the course of almost a century. "Blest with an extremely powerful voice, this gentleman began, as soon as he had mounted his bench, to call attention to the fact that that particular bench was not *his* bench, not the rostrum from which he ordinarily delivered his addresses. 'I see,' said he, 'that my friend the preacher yonder, whoever he is, has been beforehand with me and has got my place. Well, you see, I don't dispute it with him, I take another bench, and it does as well. That's philosophy, that is.' "

Perhaps the forum grew up on the fringe of the fashionable crowd that drove to the Ring in Hyde Park, or as an offshoot of the various fairs that were held in the vicinity, or for the entertainment of the overflow from the crowd gathered to watch the executions at Tyburn. It is a disturbing thought that there may be some connection between the peaceful present-day crowd and the mob that cheered or slated the prisoners on their way to the gallows or the stake. It is a no less disturbing thought how little the brutality of the spectacle at Tyburn changed during the six centuries of its known existence. If the prisoners were no longer dragged the long distance from prison to gallows tied feet foremost behind a cart, over a course that had been on some occasions deliberately strewn with rough stones, yet hanging, since there was no drop, still meant a slow death by suffocation. The barbarous and to our minds incredibly cruel practice of cutting the bodies down and disembowelling them, sometimes while still alive, survived for cases of high treason into the eighteenth century, and up to the same date the gibbet, on which some of the corpses were strung up until they decomposed, continued in use. How gruesome a scene it was even as late as 1741 can be seen from a letter written by Samuel Richardson to his brother: "At the Place of Execution, the Scene grew still more shocking; and the Clergyman who attended was more the subject of Ridicule, than of their serious Attention. The Psalm was sung amidst the Curses and Quarrelling of Hundreds of the most abandon'd and profligate of Mankind: Upon whom (so stupid are they to any Sense of Decency) all the Preparation of the unhappy Wretches seems to serve only for Subject of a barbarous Kind of Mirth, altogether inconsistent with Humanity. And as soon as the poor Creatures were half dead, I was much surprised, before such a number of Peace-Officers, to see the Populace fall to halling and pulling the Carcasses with so much Earnestness as to occasion several warm Rencounters, and broken Heads. These, I was told, were the Friends of the Persons executed, or such as, for the sake of Tumult, chose to appear so, and some Persons sent by private Surgeons to botain Bodies for Dissection." It is also an unpleasant thought for those



ON THE ROAD TO TYBURN. *From Hogarth's engraving.*

who deplored the humiliations imposed on the body of Mussolini by the Milanese mob that at the time of the Restoration the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw were treated in much the same way, being dug up, hanged on the three corners of the Tyburn Tree before being beheaded and buried again under the gallows.

The popularity of the procession to Tyburn increased considerably with the cult of the highwayman in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Because of the chivalrous tradition started by such men as Claude Duval they were often popular heroes, and their presence in the procession, advertised by their "dying speeches" which were printed and circulated as broadsheets some days beforehand, would draw exceptionally large crowds, many of whom jumped into the cart to shake them by the hand, offered them wine and gin to drink and cheered them all along the route. There were, of course, also those such as Jonathan Wild, the informer, and master criminal, whom they cursed rather than cheered. In spite of his dispiriting reception Wild is reputed to have picked the pocket of the parson on the scaffold—surely a supreme act of defiance. At least the rowdy but generally sympathetic behaviour of the crowd probably distracted the minds of the condemned. It was not unknown for them to squabble for the order of precedence in which they entered the cart and for the position of prominence that they occupied in it, and on this evidence one wonders whether occasionally amongst them there were not others such as the French woman who at the time of the Terror deliberately shouted "Vive le roi" for no better reason than that she was determined for one moment of her life

to be the centre of the stage, even if that stage should also support the guillotine. With, however, the spread of London, the increasing incentive to rioting which such occasions provided, and also, one hopes, with the growth of a more humane outlook, these processions became altogether too much of a bad thing. The removal of the gallows to Newgate in 1783 bereft the executions of much of the attendant excitement, and it is interesting to know that although they continued to be performed in public for some forty years more they attracted little popular attention. But there were those who regretted the end of Tyburn, amongst them, Dr. Johnson who, one suspects, in one of his worst moods of contrariness, is reported to have complained: "The age is running mad after innovation: all the business of the world is to be done in a new way: Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation." And when someone argued that this was an improvement, he answered angrily: "No, Sir, it is not an improvement: they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties: the public was gratified by a procession: the criminal was supported by it: Why is all this to be swept away?" But whatever Dr. Johnson might say, one must be grateful for the greater humanity of an age that finds amusement in the sight of its critics and its cranks, but not in the suffering of its criminals.

DAVID TYLDEN-WRIGHT.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

THE December, 1904, edition of *The National Review* contained an article by the distinguished historian, A. H. Pollard, on "The University of London and the Study of History." Here is an extract:—

> . . . What is the difference between technical instruction and education proper? Perhaps it is something like this: the function and object of technical instruction is, for instance, to make a brewer a better brewer; the function of education is to make him a better man. Technical instruction regards the means of living, education regards the end of life. It seeks to make men not money, to develop to the utmost possible extent the faculties, mental, moral, and spiritual of mankind, and to enable us, not merely to exist, but to live the fullest life of which we are capable. It used to be said in the old days of the struggle for the extension of elementary education and of the franchise that no amount of education and no number of votes would enable the ploughman to drive a straighter furrow or the dock labourer to heave a heavier load; the ploughman should follow the plough and the cobbler stick to his last. To which it was replied that the ploughman does not live in order to plough, but ploughs in order to live; and that hard labour is not an end in itself but only a means. The old fallacies still survive, and popular indifference to education, as distinct from technical instruction, is largely due to the idea that no amount of it will enable a man to add one cubit to his financial stature. But surely it is no part of the business of a university to lend itself to errors like these. A university should set its face against the encroachments and usurpations of technical instruction.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

CHRISTMAS VARIETY

By ERIC GILLETT

A FEW years ago Miss Marchette Chute made a most agreeable impression with her first biography, *Shakespeare of London*. It is a lively, readable book and it has the supreme virtue of combining a full, accurate account of the man and of his work in an attractive narrative. Not long afterwards *Geoffrey Chaucer of England* followed. It was equally impressive because the author avoided the flights of fancy and imagination made by so many biographers faced by a subject which lends itself to conjecture owing to a serious shortage of facts. In her new work, *Ben Jonson of Westminster*, Miss Chute has had to deal with a similar situation and for the third time she has emerged triumphant. This is by far the best general study of Jonson that I have read. Well and simply written, scholarly, and revealing its author's excellent sense of period and wide knowledge of the history of the time, it conjures up from scanty material a remarkable personality, who was always ready to fight for his own crippling theories of drama and yet, as life wore on, became much more tolerant of the talents of other writers. Jonson was the first to believe that Shakespeare was an immortal whose plays would last for ever and bring glory to England all over the world:

> Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
> To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
> He was not of an age, but for all time.

Believing that the classical writers were the greatest in the world he followed them himself as a guide to his own playwriting, but he was never their blind imitator, and it is pleasant to think of him, when confronted by Shakespeare's First Folio, realizing, perhaps all of a sudden, that his dead friend had possessed supreme genius.

Miss Chute makes this point with the tact and moderation of a really good biographer. She has a flair for digging up relevant facts and traits and making the best possible deductions from them. She seems to be particularly at ease when she is writing about James I. "James," she observes, "longed to be the perfect king in the same way that Jonson longed to be the perfect poet, and the nobility of the ideal only made it harder for them both when they encountered criticism." They

* *Ben Jonson of Westminster*. By Marchette Chute. Hale. 18*s*.

A Diary with Letters, 1931–1950. By Thomas H. Jones, C.H., LL.D. Cumberlege, The Oxford University Press. 30*s*.

Sunset and Evening Star. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. 21*s*.

The Way of My World. By Ivor Brown. Collins. 16*s*.

My Left Foot. By Christy Brown. Secker & Warburg. 9*s*. 6*d*.

A Cornish Waif's Story: An Autobiography. With a Foreword by A. L. Rowse. Odhams. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Within the Taurus. By Lord Kinross. Murray. 18*s*.

My Dear America. By Alan Dent. Barker. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Spirit in the Cage. By Peter Churchill. Hodder & Stoughton. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Lark Rise to Candleford. By Flora Thompson. Cumberlege: The Oxford University Press (World's Classics). 8*s*. 6*d*.

Jeeves and the Feudal Spirit. By P. G. Wodehouse. Jenkins. 9*s*. 6*d*.

both had more than a trace of the usher in them, but Jonson was the better pedagogue of the two, because he stimulated the young men of his "tribe" by encouraging them in their work and at the same time impressing upon them the importance of tradition. He had his difficulties with young Wat Ralegh during his memorable year of tutorship but there is no doubt that the Apollo Club, with its twenty-four elegant Latin rules and its high standards of urbane living probably afforded him more delight than the much more publicized nights at the Mermaid Tavern.

Jonson's lovely lyrics and a few of his comedies are still popular, but I have often been surprised that no one, as far as I know, has thought of staging his lovely pastoral, *The Sad Shepherd*. It is unfinished but it shows what Jonson could do when he set aside his classical rules and wandered off into Sherwood Forest. It is as English as anything he ever wrote and it contains the superb line, "The world may find the spring by following her."

It is somehow fitting that this great individualist is buried not in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, but in the north aisle of the nave. He is supposed to have told the Dean that he could not afford the honour of being buried with the other poets. "Two feet by two feet will do." His grave is covered by a small stone, and when it was disturbed near the beginning of the nineteenth century to allow access to another tomb, it was found that Jonson had been buried standing up, but it will never be known whether this was due to the decanal humour of his old friend, Bishop Williams.

As I grow older I find more and more pleasure in the published diaries and reminiscences of people who have been in touch with great affairs during my lifetime. When I took up Dr. Thomas Jones's *A Diary with Letters*, 1931–1950, I intended to read enough of its five hundred and ninety-three pages to enable me to give some idea of its contents, but I found that I was unable to turn to anything else until I had read the whole book, and re-read the fascinating introduction. Dr. Jones knew well and worked with Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Baldwin and Ramsay Macdonald. He was Deputy Secretary to the Cabinet. In 1931 he became first Secretary of the Pilgrim Trust, but he remained the confidant of Baldwin and of other distinguished people who were at the heart of things. He seems to have an extraordinary gift of getting on with the most unlikely personalities, and his account of his acquaintance with Ribbentrop and his visits to Hitler are among the high lights of the book. Best of all is the portraiture of Lloyd George and Baldwin. Two short quotations will show the style and method better than any amount of explanation. Of Lloyd George he writes:

> He was a swift improvizer. His mind resembled a signalman's in a busy railway station, Clapham Junction, for example, with steam and electric trains travelling at varying speeds to the coast, to the country, to London. He pulled the levers and the traffic moved in Westminster, in Whitehall, in Fleet Street, in party offices, in town and village halls, in polling booths. His friends were few, his instruments many, his acquaintances legion, his interventions innumerable, and his political curiosity inexhaustible. Basically he was a hard realist, with no illusions about men or movements.

And of Baldwin:

> Baldwin preferred to survey the scene, he sat back and looked on as a spectator. He was slow to move and act, was a soothing sedative, rarely roused but sometimes capable of leaving an unforgettable impression by his staggering candour. He felt things

deeply and his conscience was more active than his intellect. He had the humility which admits mistakes. I never saw Baldwin in a rage, and Lloyd George once only.

There may be readers who will disagree with Dr. Jones's estimates, but no one will deny this is one of the most vivid and well informed of recent books of memoirs. Its pattern, which allows the author to interleave his own notes and letters with correspondence from others, is most happily adapted to his material. I do not see that anyone who has lived through the stormy and eventful period covered by Dr. Jones can fail to be fascinated by *A Diary with Letters*.

As vivid in its way, which is the eloquent, Irish, near-stream-of-consciousness autobiography, *Sunset and Evening Star*, is the sixth of Mr. Sean O'Casey's remarkable series. As a writer of books and as a dramatist, Mr. O'Casey is immensely stimulating and gloriously untidy. He is ruthless, fiery, witty and without inhibitions. When you read his books you touch reality. There is a terrific tirade against Orwell, a haunting memory of a visit to a College society at Cambridge, a closely observed study of Charlotte and Bernard Shaw, and a scathing caricature of T. P. O'Connor. Mr. O'Casey is all-alive-O! His prose tingles and quivers with life. You may detest his opinions but you cannot ignore him as a writer because he has genius in him. *Sunset and Evening Star* may not be crowned or recommended by any of the literary pundits. It is certainly one of the books of the year, as his complete autobiography is one of the most uncomfortable and memorable works of the century.

In complete contrast is Mr. Ivor Brown's *The Way of My World*. The author calls it an autobiography, but he is almost as careful not to write about himself as Sir Osbert Sitwell is in his wonderful cavalcade of memories, *Left Hand, Right Hand*. It is quieter than one had expected it would be. The author has reserved his cunning puns and word play for other occasions. It presents a liberal point of view and adds one more to the growing library of books which pay tribute to the *Manchester Guardian's* ability to influence the youthful members of its staff, and also to C. P. Scott's policy as editor. Mr. Brown is kindlier in his estimate of this famous pillar of journalism than Mr. Cardus was in his autobiography. Lawn tennis player at seventy-five, bicycling to and from his office at eighty, when he had mellowed into an appreciative host of his most promising young men, Scott was one of the most valuable formative influences on the best and most independent kind of British journalism and Mr. Brown celebrates him here. He pays tribute, too, to Allan Monkhouse, novelist and dramatist, and for some years literary editor of the *Guardian*. Mr. Brown calls Monkhouse " gentle and grim " and it is the best description of his aspect I have ever read, but it was the gentleness that held the upper hand and the lifelong campaign to be fair and just. *The Way of My World* is, unconsciously, a survey of much that was best in journalism during the author's Fleet Street years. It is the ideal Christmas present for the young person who has ambitions to tread this difficult path to-day. The author is a man of many interests and enjoyments and he has found a place for many of them in this most enjoyable book, which in its mellow humour and acceptance provides the sharpest possible contrast to Mr. O'Casey's roaring torrent.

In an epoch of outstanding biographies and autobiographies there have been recently several written by people who, handicapped physically, have somehow managed to salvage a useful

life out of almost intolerable disability. One of the best I have read is Mr. Christy Brown's *My Left Foot*. Born in Dublin in 1932, Mr. Brown is the son of a bricklayer, the tenth child in a family of twenty-two, thirteen of whom survived. He was born with an injury to his brain. This damaged him so much that he could neither sit, stand, nor walk, use his hands or articulate words. He could control his left foot, and with his mother's help he learned to write and paint with it. He was seventeen when Dr. Robert Collis, who contributes Foreword and Epilogue, started the first clinic for cerebral palsy in Ireland, and the first order given to Mr. Brown was to make him give up using his left foot altogether.

Dr. Collis is able to describe in a few pages Mr. Brown's progress. Now he can sit straight, stand, walk with great difficulty across a room, and speak so that the ordinary person can understand him. His hands are still almost useless, but " he is improving all the time."

The story of life in a large Dublin family is told without self-pity. Even more exciting is the account of Mr. Brown's determination to become a writer, of Dr. Collis's tutoring, and of the great triumph when the first chapter of this book was read to a large meeting in Dublin by Dr. Collis, with its author on the platform to receive the overwhelming applause. And Mr. Brown deserved it. *My Left Foot* ought to have the widest possible circulation, not only because it records a remarkable medical achievement, but because the author writes really well. Now he must look forward to his first broadcast on behalf of his fellow sufferers. It seems possible that he may bring this off in a year or two.

The author of *A Cornish Waif's Story* was handicapped as surely as Mr. Brown was, but although she was physically healthy, her parents were not married, no one wanted her or was able to keep her when she was a child, and she was handed over to an unsavoury organ-grinder with whom she tramped the Cornish roads, singing, or shared with him a bug-infested Plymouth slum, until she found some sort of affection and comfort in a convent penitentiary. All this happened between fifty and sixty years ago, and the author is able to tell her story with some detachment and also with a vivid evocation of the small pleasures her childhood held. Mr. A. L. Rowse contributes a sympathetic introduction and points out that *A Cornish Waif's Story* gives a unique insight into a way of life that is totally unknown to most of us. It does exactly this and it demands respect for a woman who has endured so much and waited so long to sketch her past in good perspective.

Asiatic Turkey has not been overrun by literary tourists and Lord Kinross was most happily inspired to choose it as the subject for his *Within the Taurus*. He travelled from the Bosporus and along the Black Sea coastlands into eastern Turkey, to the plateau known as the " Delectable Land," along the frontier where Turkey faces Russia, and down to the plains beyond. The author is never indifferent to the civilizations of the past which still haunt these regions with ruins and memories. The result is a palatable blend of observation and humour, and the humour must have been badly needed sometimes when discomfort became acute. He found the Turks friendly enough, though a little apprehensive of their guest's behaviour at the frontier post of Ani, which was under Soviet observation. Lord Kinross was asked on no account to point in that direction.

Captain Hikmet was explaining. " The Russians," he said, " choose to be suspicious of us. We have meetings

with them, once every two months or so, to discuss local frontier problems, and they like, whenever they can, to produce a whole dossier of trivial incidents, to suggest that we are threatening the peace. They are watching us now, of course, and if you point they may easily file a complaint that a tall man, disguised as a civilian, apparently a foreigner, was acting in an aggressive manner towards them.

It is pleasanter to turn to the gentleman who invited Lord Kinross to a discussion on Shakespeare, whose *Stormy Night* (*The Tempest*) and *The Omlet* were, it seems, his favourite plays. Lord Kinross is an entertaining travelling companion.

My Dear America makes it clear that Mr. Alan Dent is probably easier to read than to travel with. He has fallen in love with the U.S.A. and lovers are notoriously poor company. Mr. Dent's publisher mentions his " observant gusto " and for once a blurb-tribute has not been misapplied. After scheming to get to the States for some years, Mr. Dent suddenly found that his hard work had been rewarded. The merest glimpse of the New York skyline seems to affect people with tremendous admiration or acute antipathy. Beginning with decorous Scots reserve, Mr. Dent soon found his defences crumbling before American hospitality, and as his work took him to theatres and universities and the most congenial literary circles, he spent just under four months very happily indeed. Written in the form of a journal, with some crisp comments (" For another hour I watched Dr. G. teaching verse-speaking to some students who will never speak verse—by Sophocles or anybody else—as long as they live."), *My Dear America* is a lively, enjoyable book.

Captain Churchill's *The Spirit in the Cage* is his third volume of war memoirs, completing the story told in *Of Their Own Choice* and *Duel of Wits*. It is the best of three thrilling books and also the most moving. Beginning with the imprisonment at Fresnes where " Odette " was also a captive, the author tells how he was moved to Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp, where the amenities astonished him. His transfer to Flossenburg soon revealed the full horrors of the Nazi prison régime. His last move was to Italy with a hundred and thirty " Prominenten " of different nationalities. After over two years of captivity Captain Churchill returned to Northolt in 1945. In *The Spirit in the Cage*, more clearly even than in the earlier instalments, Mrs. Churchill's extraordinary courage and self-denial are explained. When she was invested with the George Cross she was the first person at the investiture to be decorated. When the King had pinned on the medal, he addressed these words to her, " I asked that you should lead the procession, Madame, as no woman has done so before during my reign." It was the perfect tribute to almost unbelievable heroism, and it is pleasant, too, to find that the last words of Captain Churchill's history are in praise of a German Catholic padre of Fresnes, who broke Gestapo regulations fearlessly and insisted on helping prisoners and their relations by every means in his power, until he was relieved of his post and sent off to the Eastern Front.

Sometimes a modest little book creeps quietly into favour and ends up by establishing itself firmly as something with a continuing appeal. This happened to Flora Thompson's *Lark Rise*, and its successors, *Over to Candleford* and *Candleford Green*. Now the three have been published in a single volume of the World's Classics, and they are worthy of this distinction.

The author was born in 1877 at Juniper Hill, a tiny village on the

Oxfordshire-Northamptonshire border. This is the *Lark Rise* of the book. Her parents were humble people and her mother was an exceptional woman. Although Flora left school when she was fourteen she was ready for the self-education she gave herself after she was married to a young man who afterwards became a postmaster in Bournemouth. Beginning with a book of poetry, the author settled down later to write as thinly veiled autobiography the trilogy which made her name. The "Candleford" of her story is Buckingham and the description of village and country town life is a miniature survey of conditions and people in the later years of the nineteenth century, when the old order was crumbling fast. Before her death in 1947, H. J. Massingham wrote that her writings were an achievement in literature that would outlive her own life. A charming gipsy prophecy made to the heroine of the book, Laura (and almost certainly made to the author herself), said, "You are going to be loved by people you've never seen and never will see." There is no doubt that this is true already.

It is agreeable to meet old friends at Christmas and Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has been kind enough to provide *Jeeves and the Feudal Spirit*. The strangest thing about the new chronicle is the unmistakable development of Bertie Wooster's intellect. Possibly, like Samson, his strength lies in his hair. He has grown a very controversial moustache and this does not meet with his faithful but critical valet's approval, although it seems to have stimulated him to brilliant encounters with his friendly aunt Dahlia. I have no idea how Mr. Wodehouse manages to keep it up, and as far as I am concerned, he does keep it up. The jumble of clichés and metaphors is as beguiling as ever, and as usual Jeeves gets his man and saves his master. A new character, G. D'Arcy ("Stilton") Cheesewright, a formidable ex-policeman, is obviously intended for further trouble by his creator. It cannot come too soon for me.

ERIC GILLETT.

INTELLECTUAL ODYSSEY*

By ALAN BULLOCK

IN the first six volumes of *A Study of History* published before the war, Professor Toynbee set out to make a comparative study of the twenty-one civilizations which he had identified in the past 6,000 years. He sought to fix upon those factors which contributed to the rise and disintegration of these civilizations and to show that, within broad limits, certain patterns recurred. In the remaining four volumes now published, Dr. Toynbee completes his design and at the same time stands it on its head. For during the quarter of a century which has passed since he first conceived the plan of his book, Dr. Toynbee's principal interest has changed. It is no longer the morphology of civilizations, but religion. He now speaks of

> inverting the assumption on which we have tacitly proceeded in previous parts of this study, that in the relation between churches and civilizations, the civilizations' role is dominant and the

* *A Study of History*, Vols. VII–X. By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford University Press. £7 10s.

> churches' role subordinate. . . . Instead of dealing with churches in terms of civilizations as hitherto, we shall boldly make the new departure of dealing with civilizations in terms of churches . . . and if we have thought of a church as being a chrysalis through which one civilization reproduces itself in another, we shall now have to think, inversely, of the apparented civilization as being an overture to the epiphany of a church, and of the affiliated civilization as being a regression from this higher level of spiritual attainment.

In one way, this is only to make explicit the faith which has sustained the whole work, that the historian is assisting at the revelation of a Divine plan. In other ways, however, it introduces an unexpected element of confusion. How far the original design can be maintained or needs to be revised in the light of this " inversion of assumptions " is far from clear. Dr. Toynbee himself now writes :

> Our study has carried us to a point at which the civilizations in their turn have ceased to constitute intelligible fields of study for us and have forfeited their historical significance except in so far as they minister to the progress of Religion. . . . The species itself has lost its specific unity. . . . The primary and secondary civilizations appear as separate categories located on different qualitative levels by the difference in value between their respective contributions to the achievement of bringing the higher religions to flower. As for the civilizations of the third generation, they are now right out of the picture.

This seems to make nonsense of the comparative method of studying civilizations as " philosophically contemporaneous members of a single species," on which the plan of the book was originally based.

This change of viewpoint is matched by a change in temper. The prophetic and moralizing vein, always present in Toynbee's work, is now openly displayed. In this visionary mood he appears further removed than ever from the activity of other historians.

Dr. Toynbee is well aware of the gulf which separates him from most other historians, but he fails to understand the reason for their distrust of his views. Generalization is involved in every historical explanation and pattern-making is an indispensable part of the historian's activity. In arguing this, Professor Toynbee is pushing at an open door. The point at issue is the scope of historical generalizations. What rouses the historian's scepticism is the claim to establish universal patterns, valid not for the history of a single period or civilization, but embracing all civilizations and offering a synoptic explanation of the whole course of human history. Professor Toynbee produces a wealth of evidence to support his views, but it does not always stand up to closer examination, it is selected to support a thesis and the historian suspects that different preconceptions would produce a different pattern, with plenty of examples to support that too.

Some critics have attacked *A Study of History* because they dislike the particular pattern Professor Toynbee finds in history, but the more fundamental question is whether the fragmentary character of the evidence and the limitations of human understanding do not preclude the establishment of any such universal pattern by the methods of historical enquiry. No more than science can history offer an answer to the riddle of human existence: neither is a substitute for religion. In his concluding volumes, Dr. Toynbee seems to go more than half-way towards accepting this and abandoning the study of history in favour of religious faith as the basis for his views.

It is easy to criticize *A Study of*

History. Rambling in design, it is too long by half and written in an inflated style. Its argument is heavily overloaded with quotations, allusions, cross-references and excursuses. Nothing that Professor Toynbee has ever read, seen or done seems to be left out. Viewed as history, it is vulnerable both in conception and execution.

Yet there is another way of looking at it, as an intellectual odyssey, a spiritual autobiography. Once he can make up his mind not to worry about the systematic framework in which the book is cast, the reader can journey on amazed by the range of the author's knowledge and sympathies. Spread throughout these many pages are the stored-up riches of a mind possessed by an irrepressible curiosity, an inexhaustible thirst for knowledge, a fertile and often bold imagination. It is this imprint of the author's personality which gives these ten volumes their strongly individual character. Even when we remain unconvinced, this is a book of which it can be said that it is more important to journey than to arrive, more important to read and enjoy than to agree or disagree.

ALAN BULLOCK.

WELSHMAN AND SUPERMAN

TEMPESTUOUS JOURNEY: LLOYD GEORGE, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Frank Owen. *Hutchinson*. 25*s*.

"HOW can I convey to the reader, who does not know him," wrote Maynard Keynes of Lloyd George, "any just impression of this extraordinary figure of our time, this syren, this goat-footed bard, this half-human visitor to our age from the hag-ridden magic and enchanted woods of Celtic antiquity?"

A score of biographers had already set out in pursuit of this elusive literary game before Mr. Frank Owen was tempted to join the chase. Few succeeded in their quest. "It will take ten men to write his life," Baldwin once said. Yet Mr. Owen could approach the task with confidence. Not only had he known Lloyd George and acquired that insight into his mind which is perhaps denied to all but fellow-Welshmen; he was also allowed access to the 1,025 boxes of Lloyd George's papers, now in the possession of Lord Beaverbrook. He had a further advantage in being able to consult such valuable contributions to the history of our time as Sir Harold Nicolson's *Life of King George V*, Mr. Robert Blake's edition of the private papers of Sir Douglas Haig, and Dr. Thomas Jones's own admirably balanced biography of Lloyd George. It was, however, with a growing sense of frustration rather than of satisfaction that I wended my way through the 756 pages of Mr. Owen's work.

In the first place his style, admirably suited to a short article in a popular newspaper, must inevitably distress an educated reader. Here are a few lines quoted at random and describing the early years of the century:

> Some more irrelevant arguments, some more sterile skirmishes, and then would come the Day of Decision, D-Day in the greatest social struggle that Britain had known since Cromwell broke the power of the Kings. The day of the cottage-bred boy would really dawn; yes, and the day of the slum-bred boy, too.

What can Mr. Owen be referring to—the National Insurance Bill? The Budget of 1909? The Parliament Act of 1911? The first Labour Government? We shall never know.

A graver charge which must be made against the author is his omission of practically all references. Very occasionally a footnote will mention the printed work from which he is quoting. For the most part he gives no indication of his sources for any particular statement, an irritating practice which robs the biography of any lasting historical importance.

Perhaps the most serious criticism of all is that Mr. Owen does not always trouble to draw conclusions from the mass of material at his disposal. A life of Lloyd George based upon personal papers may

be expected to provide answers to a number of previously disputed questions. How far was the 1909 Budget the result of Lloyd George's tender social conscience and how far an astute political provocation? Was Lloyd George justified in deposing Asquith in 1916? Did he interfere unduly with the generals in their conduct of the campaign in the West? With how clean a waistcoat (to quote a phrase of Bismarck's) did he emerge from the scandals of the Marconi case, of the sale of honours, and of the Lloyd George Fund? By a careful sifting of evidence, the reader will be able to reach firm conclusions on all these topics. He may, however, regret that the author did not himself suggest answers to such vital questions.

Mr. Owen, it soon becomes apparent, is more interested in men than in measures; what the biography lacks in historical evaluation it gains in a highly coloured portrait gallery of the age. David Davies writes too frankly to Lloyd George on political topics and suffers the fate of the candid friend. Edwin Montagu writes to Asquith in June, 1916, suggesting that " it would also be clearly advantageous to have L.G. at the War Office during the announcement of heavy casualties and a possible unfruitful offensive "—and the letter is found in a drawer in Downing Street by one of Lloyd George's secretaries some months after Asquith's fall!

There is the comedy of Lord Beaverbrook, expecting to be made President of the Board of Trade in the new Lloyd George Government, but instead being made a peer so that the man actually chosen for the post may have his Parliamentary seat. There is a remarkable correspondence between Lloyd George and Winston Churchill on the subject of Allied intervention in Russia in 1919. There is the curious request of Smuts that he should be given command of the American Armies in France. The author has a shrewd eye for the unexpected and the unforeseen.

In Lloyd George himself, Mr. Owen finds ample opportunity to exercise this quality. No less interesting than his rise to be Chancellor of the Exchequer by



THE CHARMER: LLOYD GEORGE WITH LORD DERBY, 1921.

1908, when he was 45, is the type of man whose friendship he valued at this period. Like another Welsh politician of our own day, he enjoyed the company of the self-made rich. Brighton thus became his Mecca. " I do not know where they come from," he used to say of his new friends, " but I know where they are going to." In 1910 he even suggested to a colleague that he might one day resign, break up the existing administration and form " A Government of Business Men " under his own leadership.

The present work has little new light to throw on the Budget of 1909 and the subsequent fight with the Lords. It is now beyond dispute that his financial policy was framed as much to provoke the landowners to a foolish and precipitate gesture as to provide money for social reforms. The Land Taxes were, in fact, repealed after the war by the Lloyd George Coalition Government, because they brought in so little revenue. Their main value to the Lloyd George of 1909 was in providing an opportunity for such effusions as the Limehouse speech. From the

charge of having stimulated class hatred, Lloyd George can never be wholly acquitted.

Nor did his conduct in the Marconi case raise the standard of public life. Though it was at no time seriously suggested that either Lloyd George or Rufus Isaacs had acted corruptly, both were undoubtedly guilty of deceiving the House of Commons as to their share transactions. "Say it openly, if you dare!" shouted Lloyd George to a Conservative M.P. who had referred in the House to "wrongfully and improperly gambling." The M.P. did repeat his charge outside the Commons, and awaited libel proceedings. "Wisely," says Mr. Owen, "these were not taken." To-day it is doubtful whether in similar circumstances the offending Ministers would have escaped the consequences of their folly.

Dr. Jones has described the scene in the House of Commons two days after Lloyd George's death. Mr. Churchill spoke of the part his former chief had played in 1916: "Presently, Lloyd George seized the main power in the State and the Leadership of the Government." (Hon. Members, "Seized?") "Seized." (Hear, hear.) "I think it was Carlyle who said of Oliver Cromwell: 'He coveted the place; perhaps the place was his.'" (Cheers.) This may well be the verdict of history.

Energy, initiative, imagination, resilience, an ability to learn from mistakes—these were some of the qualities which made Lloyd George a great, almost an indispensable, war leader. But he reached the summit by means of shoddy intrigue. Asquith once wrote of the early days of the war: "Lloyd George assured me that sooner than take part in such disloyalty to his leader he would prefer (I) to break stones, (II) dig potatoes, (III) be hung and quartered. And I am sure that he was quite sincere."

When, in July, 1916, Asquith had to concede the War Office to Lloyd George, Margot Asquith noted in her diary: "We are out, it is only a question of time when we shall have to leave Downing Street." Lloyd George was undeniably ruthless in displacing his chief in the highest office of all. Ruthlessness happens to be a weapon which successful war leaders must carry.

To the perennial controversy of Lloyd George's relations with Haig and Robertson, Mr. Owen brings little fresh material, though a passionate vindication of the Lloyd George case. In the War Memoirs, from whose forceful pages I wish the author of the present work had quoted more, Lloyd George maintained that he overruled the generals on only two points. On both of these occasions, he adds, they were (or should have been) later grateful. One was the supply of guns which Lloyd George ordered to be increased on his own initiative; the other was the sending of Geddes to reform the transport system in France.

It is true that he advised the generals on a number of other points—to send equipment to Russia and Roumania as well as to the Western Front; to help Italy in an attack on Austria in 1917; to cancel the Passchendaele plan. But he could not compel them. To quote Lloyd George's own words: "It is one of the bitter ironies of war that I, who have been ruthlessly assailed in books, in the Press, and in speeches for 'interfering with the soldiers,' should carry with me as my most painful regret the memory that on this issue I did *not* justify the charge."

In dismissing Haig, Lloyd George claimed, he would not only have been challenging the whole military hierarchy supported by the court, but would also have brought down the Government. In the Lloyd George Cabinet of December, 1916, there were fourteen Conservatives, seven Liberals, one Labour and three Independents. Almost to a man the Conservatives resented any threat of interference with the generals. As a result, Mr. Owen writes: "He was unwilling to place at the disposal of a Commander-in-Chief, whom he distrusted but dared not displace, the last great reserve of Britain's military manpower, because he feared that Haig would launch another Passchendaele offensive with it."

It is as one of our greatest war leaders that Lloyd George seems destined to be remembered. From 1919 until his death

in 1945 the clouds gathered thickly round his reputation. Mr. Owen deals fully with two of the most unsavoury topics connected with the name of Lloyd George —the alleged sale of honours, and the ownership of the Coalition Political Fund. In neither instance can Lloyd George be acquitted of dubious conduct. If he did not himself traffic in honours, his Whips certainly did; and if, as he claimed, they were doing so without his sanction, he showed an unfitness to be Prime Minister.

One aspect of the matter to which Lloyd George could not have been averse was the reward of journalists whose political support he valued. The late Duke of Northumberland pointed out in debate: "It is quite extraordinary how many gentlemen who buy newspapers and run them in favour of the Coalition Government's policy are rewarded with honours . . . forty-nine Privy Councillors, Peers, Baronets and Knights created since 1918, all of whom are either proprietors, principal shareholders, editors, managing directors or chairmen of groups of newspapers." Among them was Lord Riddell, owner of the *News of the World;* in spite of the objections of King George V, he became the first commoner to enter the House of Lords after being judged the guilty party in the Divorce Court.

The no less tortuous story of the Lloyd George Fund receives full treatment from Mr. Owen. He quotes Lloyd George's own explanation of why he refused ever to relinquish control of it: "The usual Party Fund represents an accumulation of gifts made through the Party Whip for for Party purposes. My Fund does not represent gifts made to any Party. It started with donations made through my Whip to me when I was a non-Party Premier to be used for such political purposes as I thought desirable to spend them upon." He also claimed that he had considerably increased the size of the fund by investing in the *Daily Chronicle*, and had the opinion of a future Master of the Rolls that, if he chose, he could "gamble the fund away at Monte Carlo."

It cannot be maintained, however, that Lloyd George was personally responsible for the decline of the Liberal Party by these and other lines of conduct. Liberalism was already being dissolved in the 'twenties, on the one side by the popular appeal of Baldwinian contentment, on the other by the steadily increasing strength of the Labour Party. The story of Lloyd George during the last twenty years of his life is a personal rather than a political tragedy, culminating in his eulogistic description of a visit to Hitler in 1936.

> "The establishment of a German hegemony in Europe," he wrote in the *Sunday Express*, "which was the aim and dream of the old militarism, is not even on the horizon of Nazism . . . the Germans have definitely made up their minds never to quarrel with us again."

Many also regretted that in the closing months of his life he should have accepted an earldom; no man deserved one more nor needed it less. The honour sat oddly on one who in 1909 had said: "In England every Peer is a Peer of Parliament. In Scotland he is not. I don't know why a Scottish Peer is supposed to be inferior to an English Peer. I should not have thought that it was possible."

Yet Lloyd George's place in history is secure. At the Carlton Club meeting of 1922, Arthur Balfour spoke wisely and generously to his angry fellow-Conservatives. "What is the use of abusing him?" he asked, referring to attacks made on his Coalition Leader. "You will certainly not pull him down from the proper niche he is destined to occupy in the historic gallery. But are you going to do either your Party or your country a service? You say he has made mistakes. I am not going to deny it. We do not produce in this country impeccable angels to lead our counsels, to help in our debates."

A majority of those who heard these words rejected them, and Lloyd George passed into the twilight of his political life. Of those who brought about his fall, who, with the exception of Baldwin, will be remembered a generation hence?—Joynson Hicks? Gretton? Banbury? Gwynne? Hugh Cecil?

Instinctively, however, they embodied the traditional party system which many

believe to be an essential element in a healthy State. By 1922 Lloyd George had occupied a dominant position for no less than seventeen years, and for seven years England had been living under a Coalition —a form of Government which, Disraeli rightly said, she does not love. It was with a sense of fear that the Conservative Party regarded a prolongation of Lloyd George's mesmeric power over his political friends, and with a sense of relief that they observed his departure from office.

But what an achievement was his. During an exceptionally long period of uninterrupted power he had laid the foundations of the Welfare State, overcome the unprecedented problems of manpower and supply upon which victory in the first great modern war depended, refashioned the machinery of government to meet the demands of a new age, and produced an Irish settlement against seemingly impossible odds.

Of Lloyd George it has been said that "when the English history of the first quarter of the twentieth century is written, it will be seen that the greater part of our fortunes in peace and in war were shaped by this one man." These words should carry weight; their author is Sir Winston Churchill.

KENNETH ROSE.

Novels

THE CORNER STONE. Zoe Oldenbourg. *Gollancz*. 15*s*.

THE FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER. Winifred Bayher. *Collins*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

SWEET THURSDAY. John Steinbeck. *Cape*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

BEYOND THE GLASS. Antonia White. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

THE IMPERFECT MARRIAGE. Edith de Born. *Chapman & Hall*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

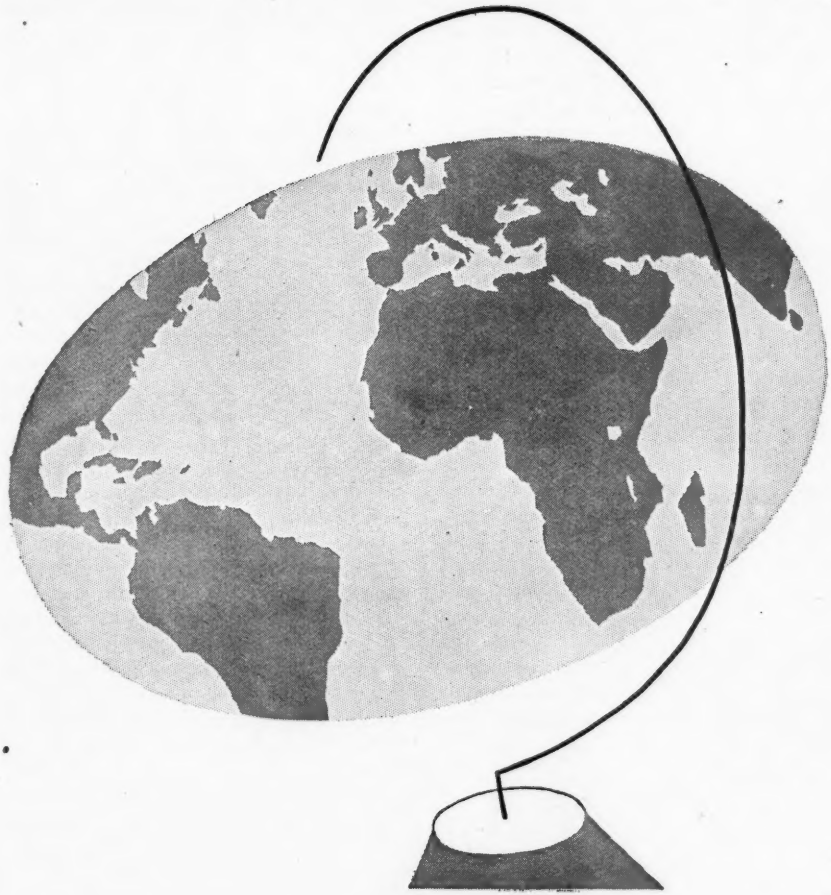
BONES OF CONTENTION. Edmund Candy. *Gollancz*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

FANTASY & FUGUE. Roy Fuller. *Versechoyle*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

THE CLOCK TICKS. Claude Houghton. *Hutchinson*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

THE critic this month is heartened by a batch of books, all excellent in their various ways. Pride of place must go to Zoe Oldenbourg's magnificent revivification of the thirteenth century in France, *The Corner Stone*. This seems to me a finer achievement even than *The World is Not Enough*, because in addition to the total immersion in the period, both in factual detail and psychology, I think this second novel superior in form, characterization and spiritual perception. It is impossible to summarize a plot which, like life itself, is composed of a vast number of persons and experiences, intensely felt and set down in their intensity, only disclosing some sort of pattern at the end. The hero of the earlier story, the petty baron Ansiau, is now an old man who, all passions purged, is seeking to die in the Holy Land. His son, Hubert le Gros, a worse man but a better manager of the Linnières patrimony, rides roughshod over everything that does not serve his greed, lusts or ambition. It is his misfortune that his one legitimate son Haguenier, is a romantic, wedded to the fruitless sophistications of "courtly love". The tragedies of these three are played out against a background of varied detail, here pure and brightly coloured like the miniatures in a psalter come to life, elsewhere violent, ugly and cruel, swirling with the contradictory passions of the savage men who could order a massacre to-night and endow a shrine to-morrow. The greatest achievement of this book is, to me, the author's understanding of mediæval Christianity, the corner stone of the mediæval world. The end, the last prayers of the blind old man to God, is very moving indeed.

It says much for *The Fourteenth of October* that following even *The Corner Stone* it makes its effect. First, by one quality which it has in common with the Oldenbourg book, the power to enter the *ethos* of the period. It is curious how once this "total immersion" is achieved, one of the chief difficulties of historical novels set in remote periods, the speech idiom, is immediately resolved. In neither book does the speech of any of the characters strike the reader as either archaic or anachronistic. The second outstanding quality of *The Fourteenth of October* is its



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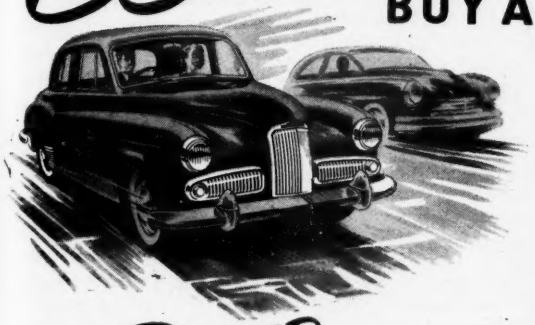
lovely, fluid writing. It is the story of the Norman Conquest, the defeat of Harold Godwinson's levies, as seen by Wulf, the son of a Saxon thane, who as a boy was carried off as a hostage in a raid by the Danes. In her effort to show the confusion of cultures and loyalties in England at the time, the writer makes much play with the Celtic element. This I feel is a mistake, because it imports an element of speculation and fancy, which, for all the author's skill, destroys the realism of the picture. Bardic lays, " the old gods " (about whom nobody knows very much), the great stones, the sacred groves, and so on had surely vanished into the mist long before " cold heart and bloody hand, came to rule the English land "?

It's a long drop from the old gods to Old Tennis Shoes, my favourite literary whisky, once again being consumed by the quart in *Sweet Thursday*. This is Cannery Row after the war, with some of its oldest inhabitants gone and others, like Doc, perceptibly older. But I am happy to report that the Palace Flop House is still in being, that the proprietress of the Bear Flag continues to vindicate her profession's reputation for hearts of gold, and that an unbelievable amount of quite genuine reader-tension is worked up over the outcome of a transparent plot. I liked this better than *Cannery Row*, because there is more fun and less philosophizing and because it includes some of the most riotous flowers of homespun American dialect, salty, rich and apt. Nobody could help laughing at *Sweet Thursday*; some may blench, some may sniff, but everybody ought to admire, for there is superlative technical skill and a wonderful literary equipment.

Beyond the Glass ought to do something for which Miss Antonia White will probably be grateful: it should exorcise the ghost of *Frost in May*, that poignant, lyrical ghost which has always come between the reader and the author's subsequent writing. *Beyond the Glass* is, I think, Antonia White's best book. It is the rendering of a terrible experience, the descent of a young girl into madness, and what is so remarkable is that the terrible experience has beauty as well as terror and issues in hope. The girl is Clara Batchelor, the heroine of Miss White's *roman fleuve*, but it is not necessary to have read the earlier books to understand this one. Clara, after a period of passivity following the dissolution of an impossible marriage, is drawn into a passionate love affair, and nowhere does Miss White show her powers more than in her description of this whirling, frantic affair seen by a clouding mind. So feverish is the tempo that the reader takes the collapse with a shaft of enlightenment that is almost a relief. " Of course," you say, " of course, she was mad." The mad may lose their mind; they do not lose their personality. The " asylum sequence " of Miss White's book, fastidiously sparing of physical horrors, is relentless in its probing to the psychological depths. When the turn comes, the reader shares Clara's painful climb back to sanity, almost praying that she will remember her name and learn once more to form the letters of the alphabet as we see them on this side of the glass. Nothing is strained or false in Miss White's writing; her characters have the warmth and the inconsistencies of life, a life conceived on the civilized pattern, illuminated by the writer's deeply held Faith.

The Imperfect Marriage also is a civilized book, about people who have standards and values but no faith. Miss de Born knows the milieu in which her book is set, the *haute bourgeoisie* and minor *noblesse* in present-day France, as surely as Miss White knows hers. The problem of the story is a difficult one, not a common one, but possible and real. It concerns a happy marriage which the war disrupted in the most cruel way. Roger Warnier returns to his wife Louise and their children after years in a German prison camp, physically unharmed but psychologically changed. He has become homosexual. But the marriage, if imperfect, is real. It is felt by him to be spiritually indissoluble. Miss de Born is a subtle and persuasive writer though she tends to underplay her situations and even her people. There is, however, great wisdom in this book and a profound respect for human personality.

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Here as in *Beyond the Glass* a triumph is wrenched from disaster, not spectacularly, but through patience and the will to love.

The three last books on my list are thrillers, all very good. *Bones of Contention* is by Edward Candy, who wrote *Which Doctor*. The " bones " are that of a skeleton, sent by an anonymous donor, to a member of the staff of a small medical college. " Looks like a *memento mori*," says a colleague, and so it proves to be. Characterization and dialogue are witty, the suspense is at times almost unbearable, and the book has unsettled me completely. If I ever go into hospital and anyone approaches with a syringe . . . I'm not sure whether Mr. Candy will earn the thanks of the medical profession, but he gave me two wonderful spine-chilling hours.

Fugue and Fantasy is a thriller of quite another kind, the so-called " psychological thriller " where the interest is in the mind of the killer. This type of novel has been highly developed of recent years, hardly a kink of morbid psychology has remained unexamined. *Fugue and Fantasy* is more exciting and more subtle than the ordinary " amnesia " case—did A kill B during the period of time lost? It is more exciting because of the extraordinary skill of composition; the reader follows the chief character through a vista of experiences, one opening out from the other, one crossing over another, like the phrases of a fugue, to a finale in which all are merged. There are some very cutting silhouettes of London's literary gents, the writing is taut and dramatic, with striking images and freshly used words, a poet's language used with a dramatist's skill. This is one of the very few thrillers ranking with the early Greene " entertainments " and American writers like Marc Brandel.

Mr. Claude Houghton's books, like Miss White's, are haunted by the ghost of his first novel. Nobody who has read *I Am Jonathan Scrivener* has ever forgotten it; and no writer, not even Mr. Houghton, has ever taken that particular technique further. Mr. Houghton's books are remarkable because although the writing is rather commonplace and the characters two-dimensional creatures pursuing nothing more subtle than money, power or sensation, he has the gift of injecting the fantastic with such skill that they become larger than life, figures in some mysterious undefined allegory. The trick is brought off once again in *The Clock Ticks*, which begins with a commonplace triangle intrigue—the husband an elderly connoisseur, the wife a designing Jezebel and the lover a handsome dolt—and develops into a duel of personalities in which the dead man proves to be the winner. There is a curious use of the *Doppelgänger* theme which Mr. Houghton never rationalizes. I wonder if that is his secret?

RUBY MILLAR.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE name of *George Orwell* (Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.*) seems to have grown in significance during the last few years. *Animal Farm* and *1984* are being read all over the world and there can be no shadow of doubt now that Orwell was an individualist who could write first-class narrative prose. Mr. Lawrence Brander has written an illuminating study of his work.

* * *

The Phantom Caravan (Murray. 21*s.*) is the autobiography of Sir Owen O'Malley, who concluded an eventful career in the Foreign Service as our Ambassador in Portugal. This is a most honest, self-critical book, full of personalities and travel. The author's style is lively and opinionated.

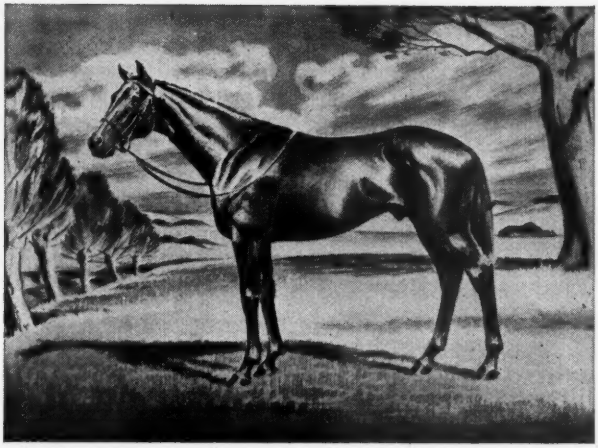
* * *

Messrs. Jonathan Cape have published Mr. T. H. White's *The Book of Beasts* (32*s.* 6*d.*) in a delightful format. It is a translation from a Latin Bestiary of the twelfth century and the information it offers is extensive and peculiar.

* * *

An omission, long overdue, has been remedied by the appearance of Mr. John Buxton's *Sir Philip Sidney and the English*

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Renaissance (Macmillan. 18*s*.). The author pays special attention to Sidney's work as writer and patron of the arts.

* * *

The new and definitive edition of *Katherine Mansfield's Journal* (Constable. 30*s*.) extends the material previously published and now includes two MS. volumes which had been stolen and have just been discovered.

* * *

The World's View (Cassell. 21*s*.), by Nora S. Kane, tells the story of Southern Rhodesia, just sixty-four years after its foundation. It is a timely and sensible book, full of useful information.

* * *

The publication of some recent essays on fiction in a Sunday newspaper by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham excited a good deal of controversy. *Ten Novels and Their Authors* (Heinemann. 21*s*.) is full of information about Mr. Maugham as well as the writers he discusses. As is usual in his work this book is as competent as it is sane and readable.

* * *

Mr. R. P. Blackmur, who teaches at Princeton, is recognized as one of the most perceptive of America's living critics. *Language as a Gesture* (Allen & Unwin. 25*s*.) contains essays on the craft and elucidation of modern poetry with some emphasis on W. B. Yeats and Mr. Eliot. There is an excellent essay on Mr. Pound's work.

* * *

In *Flag* 4 (Kimber. 16*s*.) Mr. Dudley Pope tells the story of the battle of Coastal Forces in the Mediterranean. The First Sea Lord contributes a congratulatory foreword to this gallant account of the activities of the light sea craft.

* * *

And All the Trumpets (Bles. 16*s*.) is yet another admirable prisoner-of-war story.

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Mr. Donald Smith was captured at Singapore in 1941 and spent four years, including a spell on the Siam Railway, in Japanese hands. Vigorously told and in places very moving.

* * *

In the Atomic Age Jules Verne's inventions have lost something of their former ability to amaze, but he still has his faithful readers, who will welcome *Jules Verne* (Staples. 12*s.* 6*d.*), by Marguerite Allotte de la Füye, who writes about him as man, novelist, and prophet.

* * *

Another old favourite writer has found a biographer in Mr. Jerry Allen, whose book, *The Adventures of Mark Twain* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 18*s.*) is full of colour and incident.

E. G.

SOME CHILDREN'S BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

By GEOFFREY DEARMER

IT is wise when buying a book for a sixteen-year-old or under to exact a promise from the bookseller that the recipient may change it if he wants to. It follows that it is fatal to write in the volume donated.

People are very generous in respect of books for children, no doubt this is why there are so many new ones, especially at this time of the year; almost the only season when children's books receive any critical attention, invariably in batches, and only in *The Times Lit. Sup.* as lengthily and authoritatively as they deserve.

It is well to notice the name of the publisher when browsing in a bookshop. The O.U.P. and Collins are at the top, I would say, of good books for children; but, of course, this does not mean that noble

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JOHN MURRAY

firms like Faber and Faber, Dent, Heinemann, and Harrap, not to mention several smaller publishers, don't publish good books, too. Harrap's list, for instance, is well worth studying, particularly if you should want plays. Harrap's many volumes of little plays by A. E. M. Bayliss (to mention only one author and compiler) are all to be recommended. One of the best modern dramatists for children, however, is Nicholas Stuart Grey, whose full-length fairy tale plays—*The Tinder Box*, *Beauty and the Beast*, *The Princess and the Swineherd* and *The Hunters and the Henwife*, all charmingly illustrated, are published by the O.U.P. at 7*s.* 6*d.* (*The Tinder Box* is 6*s.*).

Blackie's adventure stories for boys and girls are numerous. Good and cheap, ranging from 5*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* This firm includes Sheila Stuart—known for her "Alison" books and at her happiest on islands and in the Highlands—and names like Percy F. Westerman (at his best afloat), Hoole Jackson (good for a thrill—*The League of the Cat*), Donald Suddaby, and H. E. Allan.

I have mentioned Westerman. You may want a book for a boy or girl with a taste for the sea and sailing. Outstanding in this class are the following: *The Falkland Islands Mystery*, by Sea-Lion (Hutchinson, 7*s.* 6*d.*), which is right up-to-date with explosive rockets, pilotless aircraft and a gang of ex-Nazis whom Peter Shelley and Snub Conway, R.N., excitingly engage. If you prefer the modern Merchant Navy or maritime history, there is Captain Frank Knight, and I hope there always will be. He ranks with C. S. Forester with some of his books like *The Golden Monkey*—Australian gold rushes and the great clipper ships—the period when the Widow Twankey sailed into pantomime from China tea—for Twankey is a Green tea. His latest is *Voyage to Bengal* (Macmillan, 10*s.* 6*d.*), "a stirring tale of a lower-deck seaman in the 1830s"—a book "which will increase his reputation," to quote from a review in the B.B.C. Children's Hour, by Anthony Buckeridge. Or if you want a book for a cetaceous boy on whales and whaling, don't hesitate to consider *The Whale Hunters*, by Geoffrey Whittam (Bell, 11*s.* 6*d.*). It reminded me of what I feel will be another valuable contribution to whaling literature, *Northward the Whalers Go*, by John Scott Douglas (Muller).

I should not leave this subject without mentioning *The Story of the Merchant Navy*, by Douglas V. Dutt (Cassell, 7*s.* 6*d.*). Every boy with an eye on the Merchant Navy as a possible career should be given this book. It is as well written as it is well illustrated, and is as up-to-date as it is historically accurate. As for small and larger boat sailing for fun and freedom, many boys and girls who heard Gilbert Hackforth-Jones's *Green Sailors, Beware!* (Hodder & Stoughton, 9*s.* 6*d.*) will be glad to have the narrative version of these

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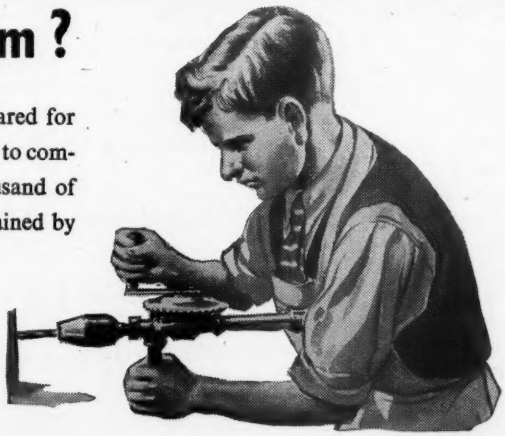
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latest exploits of the Greens and their very well-informed Uncle George.

Nicholas Monsarrat, author of *The Cruel Sea*, has edited *The Boy's Book of the Sea* (Cassell, 10*s.* 6*d.*), twenty-one true stories taken from twenty-one books ranging from Hakluyt to Hayward on Pirates. Indeed, I think the chapters on pirates almost the best in the anthology. For sheer villainy the fictional Captain Hook (though I believe even he is founded on fact) can't hold a musket to Black-Beard Captain Teach of fact. My only complaint is of the excerpts which whet the appetite but leave it unsatisfied. The story of the *Girl Pat*, lost in the Atlantic, should at least have been rounded off in a footnote. Captain Osborne must have survived to tell his story.

Fairy Tales

I have already mentioned the name of one of the best authors of original fairy tales to be published this year. Indeed, I would put Nicholas Stuart Gray's *Over the Hills to Fabylon*—I forgive Mr. Gray his phoney title (O.U.P., 10*s.* 6*d.*), and Barbara Leonie Picard's *The Lady of the Linden Tree*, (O.U.P. 9*s.* 6*d.*) at the top of my recommendations. Mr. Gray's stories are fresh and gay and sparkling, Miss Picard's, though never lacking in humour, are often touching and profound—what, for instance, could be better as a lesson in self-abnegation than Miss Picard's lovely story *The Almond Bough*, with its oriental aphorisms. Mr. Gray's book is ideal for reading aloud to young children with the added inducement to delight of the author's own illustrations on almost every page. If you prefer the traditional fairy tales, nothing could be better written or illustrated—all in four colours by Joan Kiddell-Monroe—than James Reeves's *English Fables and Fairy Stories*, to which should be added Barbara Ker Wilson's *Scottish Folk-Tales and Legends*, Eileen O'Farlin on the fairy and folk tales of Ireland, and Gwyn Jones on those of Wales, all O.U.P. and by no means expensive at 12*s.* 6*d.* each.

Finally (almost) I want to mention a book which, I'm afraid, will be crowded out of too many lists—*The Book of Ralf*, by Phillis Garrard (Bell, 9*s.* 6*d.*). This story is a quiet but most convincing picture of life in the Norman days of Edward I, in an English manor. Ralf goes to school at a monastery, and his attempts to learn, particularly to draw, are among the many charmingly described incidents in a story not lacking in excitement. Miss Garrard has the unusual gift of historical economy. She does not write a word too much. The book can be read by the most ignorant of young readers who will find himself in an almost idyllic world, a world in which class has no snobbery, religion no rancour, and Esquire had not degenerated into Esq.

Babies' Books

The *Little Golden Books* (Muller)—gay, coloured, attractive and only the price of a Christmas card (1*s.* 6*d.*). I particularly like *The Sailor Dog*. And, finally (quite), two books which I have forgotten to mention and haven't space to discuss—René Guillot's delightful Indian fairy tale, *The 397th White Elephant*, translated by Gwen Marsh and beautifully illustrated by Moyra Leatham (O.U.P., 9*s.* 6*d.*); and Rosemary Sutcliff's fine historical novel illustrated so well by C. Walter Hodges, *The Eagle of the Ninth* (O.U.P., 10*s.* 6*d.*).

GEOFFREY DEARMER.

RECORD REVIEW

Orchestral

THE names of Hummel and Clementi probably suggest hours of wearisome practice to pianists of the older generation, and it is doubtful whether many of them thought of either of these men as fine composers in their own right. An excellent recording of Hummel's A Minor Piano Concerto with a Sonata (No. 2, op. 40) by Clementi on the reverse, both beautifully played by Arthur Balsam (the concerto with the Winterthur Orchestra conducted by Ackerman) will cause a

radical revision of this opinion. The music in both cases, far from being academic, is fresh, imaginative, and utterly delightful; and after hearing it one begins to realize why Beethoven thought so highly of Clementi's sonatas (from which he also learnt much) and was on terms of such intimate friendship with Hummel. Note this disc, Nixa CLP1311, both for the great pleasure it will give and to catch out superior persons!

Geza Anda adds to his rapidly growing reputation with fine and ardent playing of the B Flat Minor Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto, accompanied by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Galliera, and adds a sparkling performance of Dohnanyi's paraphrase of *Valse Lente* from Delibes' *Coppelia* for good measure (Columbia 33CX1156).

Fauré's *Ballade* and Francaix' *Concertino*, both for piano and orchestra, make a most enjoyable pair on Decca LXT2963, with the L.P.O. conducted by Martinon. Kathleen Long, one of our best exponents of Fauré, also plays on this disc a number of the *Nocturnes*, elusive music that dies under the fingers of an unimaginative pianist. Miss Long finds humour and beauty in the Francaix, and in all she does shows herself a truly admirable artist.

A perfect present for lovers of Mozart's music would be the fine performance of his *Sinfonia Concertante* in E flat (K297b) for oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn (Messrs. Sutcliffe, Walton, James and Brain, respectively) and orchestra (the Philharmonia conducted by Karajan). This is a showpiece for the soloists, especially the last movement (a series of ten variations), and it has a lovely slow movement. On the reverse is the unfadingly exquisite *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* (K525), superlatively well played and, like the *Sinfonia Concertante*, very well recorded. A most delectable disc (Columbia 33CX1178).

There is not much doing this month in the way of symphonies, but Barbirolli and

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the Hallé Orchestra seriously challenge Krips and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra (Decca LXT2719) with a splendid performance, extremely well recorded, of Schubert's " great " C major Symphony, a work Sir John evidently loves from first note to last (H.M.V. ALP1178). Beecham lends all his verve and brilliance to Tchaikovsky's " Little Russian " Symphony (No. 2), with the R.P.O., and the recording is first-rate (Philips ABL3015).

Visitors to the Diaghilev Exhibition now showing in London will hear, as at Edinburgh, music from the ballets he inspired diffused through the building, and a large amount of this music will be found on three discs (Columbia 33CX 1197–9) played by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Markevitch. The general level of the playing and recording is higher than that of the interpretations. Markevitch is a vital but not a very poetically minded conductor: his *Spectre de la Rose* is matter-of-fact, his *L'Après-midi d'un faune* unimaginative. *Kikimora* is appropriately sinister and *Le Pas d'Acier* goes well. These last, with the dances from *Petrouchka* (concert version) are on CX1199, the most recommendable disc of the three.

Chamber Music

Columbia are to record all Beethoven's string quartets with the Hungarian team, who make, on the whole, an excellent start with the first four numbers of Op. 18; but these discs (Columbia 33CX1168 and 1172) are not for those who like the mellifluous tone, say, of the Italian or Pascal groups. The Hungarians' tone is on the hard side, (that of the leader is sometimes strident) and they take a rather stern view of the music. This, on a balanced view, I prefer to the opposite; but there is a happy medium, and I hope the Hungarians will find it as the series continues. The recording shows a good balance.

There is all the necessary warmth and feeling in the Barchet Quartet's performance of Dvorak's penultimate String Quartet in A Flat, op. 105, an unjustly neglected work of great beauty and charm (Vox PL7570).

Also Recommended. Mozart's *Divertimento* in E flat for string trio (K 563) (Pougnet, Riddle, Pini), a very fine performance and recording (Nixa WLP5191). Four Vivaldi Concertos (P228, 410, 58, 9) for various combinations—all most attractive, and beautifully played by the Virtuosi di Roma (Brunswick AXTL1061).

Instrumental

Telmanyi has recorded all Bach's six Solo Violin Sonatas (or the three Sonatas and the three Partitas) on Decca LXT 2951–3, a splendid achievement in which the second Sonata and Partita (LXT2952) stand out as being superlatively good. The player uses the Vega Bach Bow (pictured and described on the sleeve) which enables the tension of the hairs to be instantaneously adjusted to different strengths. The value of this invention can best be heard in the chording in the great *Chaconne*.

Also Recommended. Bach's six *English*

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Choral and Song

Britten's *Les Illuminations*, settings of poems by Rimbaud, receives its first recording on Decca LXT2941, coupled with the enchanting *Serenade*, first recorded by Decca in 1945. Peter Pears is the singer, and, in the *Serenade*, Dennis Brain the solo horn player: while in both works Eugene Goossens conducts the New Symphony Orchestra (strings only). The performances, needless to say, are of first-rate quality and Mr. Pears gives an even better interpretation of the *Serenade* than before. He excels in *Les Illuminations*, a work which has lost none of its freshness and individuality. Bruckner's *Mass in E Minor* (No. 2) for double choir and wind is well performed by the Hamburg State Opera Choir and Orchestra (Max Thurn) on Telefunken LGX66033, and fairly well recorded. The chorus basses are too weak in tone and the delicate woodwind writing does not tell in the *Benedictus*. An operatic group is not ideal for music of this character.

The famous *Festival of Lessons and Carols*, in an abridged version, has been recorded in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, with considerable success (considering the difficult acoustics of the building) by Argo (R.G. 39) and there is some admirably sung and recorded Christmas and Easter music by St. Paul's Cathedral Choir, under Dr. Dykes Bower, on Columbia 33CX1193.

Decca have issued, on LX3133, a recording of a broadcast recital given by Kathleen Ferrier and Frederick Stone on June 5, 1952. The songs are by Stanford, Parry, Vaughan Williams, Bridge, Warlock, and there are arrangements of folksongs by Britten and Hughes. This is, indeed, a disc to be treasured: and even though the recording, in the circumstances, is not ideal it gives a memorable picture of the great singer at her finest.

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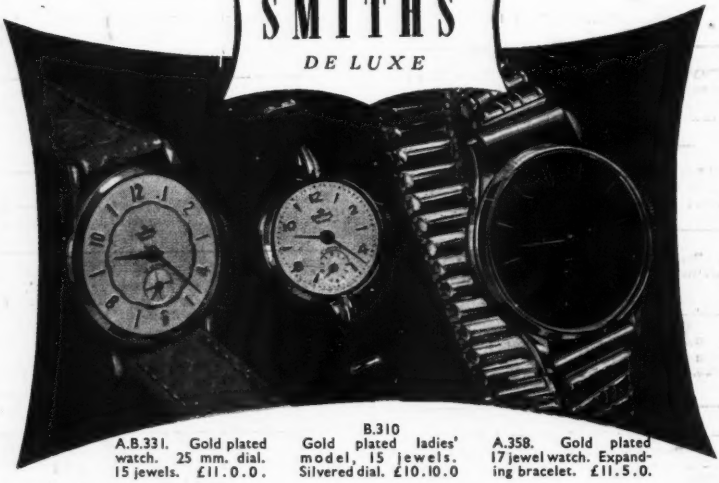
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